WOMAN IN THE REFORMATION

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KATHARINE VON BORA. (Page 31.)

WOMAN

IN THE

REFORMATION.

BY

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DEDICATION.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE

WOMAN'S HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY

OF THE

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH OF AMERICA,

THESE SKETCHES

OF THE WOMEN WHO NOBLY BORE

THEIR PART IN THE REFORMATION OF THE CHURCH,

ARE DEDICATED,

WITH THE HOPE THAT THEY MAY INSPIRE A NEW LOVE

AND ZEAL FOR THE CHURCH.

PREFACE.

THE following sketches, many of which have appeared in the *Lutheran Observer*, do not aim at historical research, nor do they lay claim to minute, critical investigation. In the labor required to collect the material, the delving into old books, and other tongues, accuracy has been carefully maintained, but there has been no attempt to add to historical lore. The aim of the work has lain in the desire to speak for woman. In the Nineteenth Century, when the labor and power of woman is meeting its highest recognition, a truth of acknowledgment never before acceded—in such an age it is well to look into the past, into the great crises of the ages, and bring to light the service performed by her then, which has been hidden, obscured, unnoted, and uncared for. It is due to the women of the neglected age, that we, of a broader time, render them the debt of honor denied them in their lives. This tribute we bring, and breathe into this aim the ardent desire that such a

contemplation, such a view of the brave heart of woman in the time of tempest, may give strength and courage to all hearts called to endure suffering or trial in the conflict of the world, which everywhere tries the heart and reins of humanity. E. L. P.

Cincinnati, O., 1882.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
I.	Woman in the Reformation	9
II.	Margaretha or Gretchen Luther	14
III.	Ursula Cotta	20
IV.	The Nuns of Nimpstch	26
V.	Katharine von Bora	31
VI.	Catherine Krapp	40
VII.	Anna Reinhard	46
VIII.	Idelette de Bures	53
IX.	The Monastery of Königsfeldt	59
X.	Clara May and the Dominicans	63
XI.	Anne Askew	67
XII.	Elizabeth of Brandenburg	73
XIII.	The Genevese Women	80
XIV.	Elizabeth of Brunswick	87
XV.	The Three Catherines	94
XVI.	Paul and Claudine Levet	99
XVII.	Marguerite de Valois	105
XVIII.	Renee, Duchess of Ferrara	120
XIX.	Olympia Morata	126

PAGE

XX. JEANNE D'ALBRET 135
XXI. THE WOMEN OF SPAIN 145
XXII. LEANOR DE CINEROS 152
XXIII. MARIA DE BOHORQUES 160
XXIV. MOTHER AND DAUGHTER 167
XXV. CHARLOTTE DE BOURBON 172
XXVI. IN THE NETHERLANDS 181
XXVII. KATHERINE WILLOUGHBY 190
XXVIII. THE MODERN REFORMATION 198

WOMAN IN THE REFORMATION.

I.

"Of writing many books there is no end." Has the truth of this aphorism ever come within your experience? Have you ever realized the depth of meaning contained in this saying of the wise man? Any one standing in the midst of a vast library, and glancing around, seeing volume upon volume lining the walls of the spacious building from dome to base, can feel that there is truth in Solomon's words. Every one having a sincere desire for learning, being unable to gratify that desire, and seeing how impossible it is to avail himself of the much-longed-for knowledge, doubtless has felt with deeper feeling this truth. Most especially, however, do we enter into the true spirit and full significance of the aphorism, when, with earnest and burning desire, we are striving after knowledge. After much application, labor, time, weariness, we have gained a little—an insignificant portion—and we stretch forward with intense longing to gather more. There is too much before

us; life is too short for the acquisition of it. The utmost that we can gain is but a trifle; and we feel with Newton that our knowledge is but a pebble upon the sea-shore, while the great ocean of undiscovered truth lies before and beyond us. With man's days as a hand-breadth, it is useless to attempt it; and we exclaim with Solomon, from the depths of the heart and understanding, "Of writing many books there is no end."

The maxim might be changed and still utter a truth—"Of writing much of men there is no end." How familiar to us are the titles—"Illustrious Men," "Distinguished Men," "Men of Fame," "Book of Heroes," "Life of ——." A vast multitude, until we stand in amazement at the heroes who have walked the earth.

Thus runs the catalogue, and we find that the temple of fame is overflowing with male aspirants. Innumerable are the masculine worthies who would "scale Olympus and take their seats among the gods." The sons of Anak are brought forward into the arena to the public gaze; their stature proclaimed, their proportions celebrated. But, where are the daughters? Are they less comely, that they are kept in seclusion, debarred from high places—that the door to fame is shut to them, and labeled "forbidden paths?" Have none of them wandered into these forbidden ways, and unbidden boldly taken their

seats in high places? After some search, we find that there are a few favored ones, who by desperate efforts have leaped beyond the prescribed limits, and stand side by side with their sterner mates. However, their place has been gained by a struggle: no commonplace heroism or genius elevated them. In war, in science, in government, in literature, they were, of necessity, obliged to excel the excellent of men to obtain recognition. Joan d'Arc was obliged to doff her maidenly habits and station, to brave more than the bravest, to partake of the supernatural, to win her fame. Catharine Herschel outstepped her contemporaries in discoveries, and so earned her celebrity. The Shaksperean genius of George Eliot could not be denied, and her worth is acceded to. Elizabeth Browning excelled all modern poets, and took her seat on Parnassus among the highest. A king's place has been successfully filled by a female, and even in our own day we have one who has added Empress to the title.

A woman's work must generally excel, must be something more than ordinary, to win a man's fame. Deeds of men, the world over, are learned and conned by rote. In war, in peace, in contention, in quietude, the silent work of woman is oftentimes unmarked.

We have heard the chimes ring out on the silent air at night, and their music has spoken to us. We

hear the loud, clear tones of the main bells, chiming a tune, while underneath it all we can catch the harmony of the lower-toned ones, an undercurrent of melody, that has an indirect effect upon the louder tones, the combination making the sweet music. In life, the work of man is the loud, distinct, clear tones that readily attract attention—the life of woman is the undercurrent; yet both are essential to make life's harmony. Often the loud notes only catch the ear, while the low-toned symphony is disregarded. Thus it is in the world's history, in all ages, all countries; the life of man, being more public, more easily attracts notice; while the work of woman, in the crises of the world's history, is left in obscurity.

Let us confine our attention to one great epoch, and listen to the soft cadences of the undercurrent. To the Protestant Church the Reformation is a birthday—a natal day proclaiming the new birth of truth and freedom—it is a period upon which the mind loves to linger, and to which the heart turns with joy. Its annals are familiar. Luther holds a dear spot in every heart. Melanchthon, Zwingli, Calvin, arouse admiration and kindle enthusiasm; Erasmus and Eck awaken contrary feelings. These are household names; even the children of the family recognize them, and catching the spirit of their elders, learn to love them. But how many are there who ever speak of Katharine von Bora; who grow eloquent in speak-

ing of Anna Reinhard; who recall with love, sorrow, admiration, the mention of Margaret de Valois? These names seem unfamiliar to us; and yet these noble women enacted their part in the Reformation heroically, earnestly, womanly and patiently. Whenever the trial came to them, they did not falter, but met it with fortitude. As Luther was God's greater light, so these were the lesser lights, that shone not one whit less steadfastly or clearly. Their work should be more widely known, more frequently spoken of; they should be recognized as helpers in the strife, and loved for their characters and influence. Their lives should be more familiar to us, their deeds as family stories, their influence upon the Reformation seen, and their whole character and place in this Bible revival of the sixteenth century should be known; and wherever the story of the Reformation is spread, their deeds should be told as memorials of them.

II.

MARGARETHA OR GRETCHEN LUTHER.

THE character of the mother of Martin Luther is not one to awaken our affection and love. She does not come within the pale of our sympathy and arouse feelings of fellowship. Her qualities are not those gentle, womanly ones, that meet a tender response within us. Yet for her firmness, force and strength of character, endurance and unswerving devotion to duty, we must feel admiration. It seems necessary that Margaretha should be spoken of in connection with the Reformation, not so much for any work, but for indirect influence upon it by forming the character of the great Reformer. It is a well-known fact that the days of infancy and childhood are the formation period of character. The influence exerted upon one at this period, when one is susceptible and easily moulded, affects the whole after-life. So that to Margaretha's influence we may ascribe some of the praise for those sterling qualities which we admire in the hero of the Reformation.

Margaretha Lindeman was the daughter of a tradesman in Eisenach. Having reached the age of maidenhood, she became desirous of going with her

companions into service, as was the general custom in those days. Accordingly, Greta was sent to the baths at Moerha. We cannot picture her beauty, as there are no records left to us of it; and when we are told that she was called "the pride of Moerha," we know not whether her beauty of face or form were referred to, or her winning and graceful manner. To these baths came a sturdy young man named Hans Luther. They met, loved, and were married. They settled for a time at Eisenach, where Margaret won many friends; and after a few years they removed to Eisleben, where Martin was born. That Margaretha was a good neighbor can be seen by the reception given her by her old friends when on a visit to Eisenach. All the village dames flock to see her, and before she descends from the wagon overwhelm her with cries, among which we distinguish "my best true friend," "my own neighbor," "cousin Gretha," "sweetheart." She was called upright and pious, and everywhere connected with her name, was spoken of her modesty, fear of God, and spirit of prayer. In the country for miles around she was the model maiden, wife and mother.

Luther was born in 1483, and Frau Luther's first thought was concerning baptism. So, like Hannah with the young Samuel, she took Luther to St. Peter's church at Eisleben, and consecrated the child to God. Even in his earliest years, she had great hopes

and fears for this, her favorite child. He was so different from the rest, she saw in him promise of something unusual, the embryo of future greatness. Many, many times, as she and Hans were returning home from some neighboring town in the wagon, or from the woods with backs laden down with fagots, would she speak of Martin. She would tell him all her heart's longing and sole desire for Martinchen. Her aim for him was high—what she considered the highest position and work in life—that of a priest, a holy father. Her mind was filled with pictures of Martin in cowl and gown, reading Latin at the altar, and serving in the cathedral. Little sympathy did she get from the honest and abrupt Hans. To her idea he was strenuously opposed. He had read Wickliffe's heretical treatise, "On the Truth and Meaning of the Bible," and had imbibed some facts that made him adverse to all such propositions of Frau Luther's. Her earnest entreaties were met not only with coldness, but oftentimes with harshness. Hans Luther looked beyond the outer symbols of honor among the monks and saw the unholiness beneath, and his honest, stern nature severely condemned it; and in his gruff manner he rebuked such hopes for his son, silencing his eager wife.

In the home of the Luthers religious instruction was carefully attended to. The children were obliged to learn the catechism and prayers; hymns, and worship

of various kinds, were customary in the household. With their children they were very severe, oftentimes cruel. The slightest offense reaped heavy punishment, and no offenses were passed by without punishment. From Martin Luther himself we have an account of the manner in which his parents treated misdeeds: "My parents treated me so harshly that I became very timid. My mother one day chastised me so severely about a nut that the blood came. They seriously thought that they were doing right; but they could not distinguish character—which, however, is very necessary in order to know when and where and how chastisement should be inflicted." Greta excuses herself for this severity to her son, and says she would teach him not to be a thief, and a small sin punished will prevent a larger one. Although she herself so cruelly chastised Martin, yet her heart would bleed when Hans' cruelty would be shown toward him. After such punishment she would go to the child and soothe and comfort him; yet during the infliction she would never interfere. Although the agonized children would beseech and beg her to speak and stay their father's anger, she would sternly refuse, and reprimand them for their request. Her womanly love and tender feelings were choked down, repressed, stifled, by the strength of her convictions of duty. Her affections were not allowed to rule; and although her heart spoke and pleaded, yet she placed duty

above them, and courageously bore her secret pain and longings, and appeared stern, cold, and unrelenting.

What effect had this upon the Reformer? You may say, "No good—rather harm." You may think it did him this injury—it gave him a timidity that caused him to start at every noise, a fear that led him to hide in the chimney-corner at every footstep. Yes; but this fear wore away under kindlier treatment, and left but the effect intended—a hatred of sin in its lightest forms, an intolerance of hypocrisy, vice, or untruth. It gave him the sternness that enabled him to carry out, without yielding an iota, his great ideas; a fortitude that helped him bear all reproaches, scorn, sorrow and troubles that afterward visited him. It imparted to his character that strength, force and gravity which call forth our highest admiration—an admiration akin to hero-worship.

Do not let us condemn too severely this apparent harshness of Margaretha Luther. She lived in the days when feudalism had not yet been dispersed by the Bible light of the sixteenth century. The feudal system extended not only to cities and villages, but to families. The children were in bondage—as vassals—to their parents. Obedience was required as a fealty; homage was exacted as from an inferior to a superior, and duty was a stern necessity flowing from power, not from love. The bond between parent and

child was one of servitude, not of filial obedience and love. Let us condemn the time as the cause of the deficiency in Luther's parents, and again be thankful that the gloom of the middle ages is dispersed; that the Great Father of all has restored true feelings, not only between parent and child, but between man and man, and has revealed to us the true brotherhood of the race.

III.

URSULA COTTA.

CAN you fancy Ursula Cotta as Luther saw her on the memorable morning three hundred years ago? It was a raw, cold morning, and for many hours the band of students had traversed the streets of Eisenach, singing from door to door, hoping thus to procure their daily bread. Turned away from many houses, oftentimes with rude words, tired in body, hungry, sick at heart, at last the weary band stopped before the house of Conrad Cotta, the rich burgher. Many a time had they been there before; never had they left in sorrow or hunger. Here they always met kind looks, cheering words, and substantial assistance from the "pious Shunammite" who dwelt within. To-day they looked for a similar reception, and began their carol. So sweetly did their fresh young voices ring out with the beautiful hymns, one would not have imagined that they came from aching hearts. Anxiously they awaited some signs of relief. Now, their prayer is answered, for the door opens and the good woman appears. A saint to them she seems; not one with eyes and hands uplifted to heaven uncaring for earthly woes, such as they have seen in the

church, but a true one, more worthy of worship, with a heart overflowing with pity and charity; a saint with a human smile, hands outstretched with human assistance, and eyes and smile that speak to the human heart and cheer it. The expectant band are not repulsed, but receive their customary greeting and assistance.

As Ursula is about to re-enter the house, she catches sight of Martin Luther—her kinsman—looking so wan and feeble that all her motherly pity is aroused. "Poor Martinchen," she says, and taking him by the hand, leads him into the house. The kind act came not one moment too soon, for the boy had scarcely crossed the threshold before he fell fainting at her feet. As she hovers over him, ministering to him with tenderness, anxiety and gentleness, a new resolution takes root in her pitying heart, a resolution that will give the little street-singer a home of love and comfort, and which will affect his character and after life. When Martin recovers, what a blessed vision greets his eyes! A warm, cheerful, home-like room, kind voices, loving smiles. Here is a matronly little dame with silvery hair shining from beneath the snowy whiteness of the linen "kopflappen," with brown eyes that have in them the true mother-light, and rosy cheeks that are dimpled with the sweetest of smiles. In her hearty, cheery way, she bids him cast away his cares, his anxieties, and all those things that

disturb him, and begin a happier life in this, his future home. Soon Conrad Cotta, the husband, arrives. He is rich, and can well afford to give the young student the much-needed home, so he readily accedes to the good wife's proposal. Thus Martin Luther is received into the Cotta family, where he remains four years.

Human nature is to a greater or less degree dependent for its development upon outward circumstances and influences. A nature accustomed only to the stinging blasts and bitter winds, only to coldness and darkness, is warped. Those qualities alone are called forth which combat these elements, and all the kindly, loving, generous part of that nature—because the warm beams of the sun have never called it forth —dies. A nature which has never been called to conflict with wintry and adverse winds, that has always existed in midsummer, is one-sided. It lacks those sterner qualities which are developed by adversity. So, in human as in material nature, we need the same element to perfect the creation—darkness and light, summer and winter, sunshine and storm. Under these circumstances alone does the creature come forth as God designed it—perfected fully. Thus God was preparing the character of Martin Luther to become the leader in the great reform. His childhood was dark and bitter, and had it continued so his natural tendency to melancholy would

have been cherished, and all that bright sunshine deep in his heart would have been quenched. He was to have endurance brought forth by hardship, so that he could bear the trial of the contest, and at the same time, all the bright, hopeful, glad nature was cherished, and thus he breathed courage and cheer and joy to all those tried ones who looked to him for help and glad encouragement.

A new life dawned on Martin Luther upon his entrance into the Cotta family. Until now his youth had been one of suffering, privation, and hardship. He had passed through darkness and was coming to the light. God was bringing him into perfect manhood. His graver, sterner nature had been developed; it was now time for the brighter part. Luther's early life, although it ingrafted lasting qualities of great worth into his nature, gave him also some which, unless taken away, would be very injurious and unhappy. These were but temporary, and under the care of the watchful, "verständige" Ursula Cotta, they disappeared. She knew the longings and pains of his young heart. She offered him sympathy and love, and soothed its aching, and satisfied its yearning. He met no repulses, no rebukes, but ready answers to all his inquiries, responses to all his eager questionings.

Luther's early training had imparted to him a shrinking and a timidity. He was silent, morose,

and moody. Ursula Cotta, with her warm, bright cheerfulness, her sunshiny happiness, changed this dark spirit. She dissipated the gloom, and called to light all the hidden brightness of his nature; and it is no longer silent, solitary Martinchen in the corner, but Martin the leader in the children's games, their songs, their conversations. The change was wrought by the quick insight, marvelous tact, and careful attention of Frau Cotta. She saw, from his entrance into her home, that he must be moved from his melancholy, and she bravely undertook the work. She had long homely talks with him, inviting his confidence, appreciating it, and interesting herself in all his thoughts. She found out his love for music, and, cultivating the taste, opened new joys to him. She gave him a flute, which he soon learned to play, when she would sing as he accompanied her, and so many happy hours they spent together. He would confide to her his hopes, his sorrows, his plans, and, looking into her earnest, loving eyes, would always find sympathy. Then the evenings were such quiet, peaceful ones. Ursula would draw Martin and her own little son close to her and tell them stories—generally religious—in her pretty, interesting manner; then, laying a hand on each head, would stroke their hair fondly, raise their heads, and kiss each good-night. All those latent, loving qualities were aroused in Martin's heart by such tenderness, and his whole

nature was softened. In this cheerful home, amid the familiar household talks, the music, prayers, and all-pervading love, Martin dropped the old manner, with its timidity and silence, and awakening to the new life of love and sympathy, became fearless, joyous, open-hearted, and happy.

What a truly blessed life was that within the burgher Cotta's house! Here there was ever an atmosphere of love, where nothing could exist but happiness. Ursula was the good angel that imparted this wondrous charm to the household. A true woman, with delicate insight, sympathies, tenderness, compassion, and all those womanly traits that ensure happiness to those around. Martin knew and acknowledged how much he owed to this kind Christian woman's influence. Of her he has said, "There is nothing sweeter on earth than the heart of a woman in which pity dwells." In Ursula Cotta's heart it had a large place, and with it, as we have seen, love, tenderness, sympathy. We love her for her very lovableness—she inspires us to it—we cannot help it. As her heart opened in love to all, so must all hearts open with love to her.

IV.

THE NUNS OF NIMPSTCH.

NEAR Grimma, in Nimpstchen, in the year 1523, stood the Cistercian convent. It had existed for a long period of time, and many zealots had lived, wrought and passed away within its walls. Here, many noble families sent their daughters to live what they thought to be the holiest of all lives. Many, many were the holy sisters who had passed, within these walls, their lives of penance and self-abnegation. Here, for years and years, the silent nuns had worshiped, suffered and died, without any care for aught beyond their confines.

In the first quarter of the sixteenth century, however, a change came over the hitherto quiet and peaceful convent. At this time, there were among the sisterhood several young women with active minds ever ready to discern truth, and true hearts willing to follow it. They were enthusiasts, with minds open and fresh to receive impressions. They had been sent here by their parents at an early age before they had reason or discretion enough to choose for themselves. They entered into the true spirit of the Order. Day by day, they attended masses and

matins, told their beads, repeated their *aves*, chanted their missal, and did penance for their sins. Often severe chastisement, self-inflicted, would follow the wandering thoughts; for their restless minds would, despite restraint, wander to the world beyond the gray convent walls.

Quiet, peaceful, happy hours too, they had, over their embroidery and sewing, while one of their number read aloud. Works of charity filled in their time, and many were the blessings that arose from the sick and the destitute as the holy sisters walked among them. Among the books that came from Eisenach, from Cotta's printing-press, were several translations of Dr. Luther's. The attention of the young nuns was arrested; they re-read them; they were wonder-stricken, doubtful; finally they were overflowing with enthusiasm for the Doctor of Wittenberg, and convinced of his truth. What he wrote must be true; their reason and judgment confirmed his words; and surely these passages from the New Testament came from God.

O, then, how far astray from his teaching have been their lives! What good has been done by their penance, scourges, and chastisements? They read—there is freedom in forgiveness of sins; salvation is free to all; works are dead, it is faith that justifies; self can do nothing, it is God through Christ and not we ourselves. All this is new to them. Next comes Luther's

treatise upon monasteries. This is another revelation to them. They had lived with the conviction that a life within the sacred walls of the convent was most pleasing, most holy in the sight of God—for had they not wedded the church, and cast all else aside? But here comes Dr. Luther, telling them a life in a convent is not the true Christian life; that their lives are no purer, no better, no holier than those of ordinary mortals; that the life of a true follower is not one of seclusion, not a fleeing from temptations, but to bear up under them, to withstand them—to stand in the midst of the world and yet apart from it. The nuns of Nimpstch were awakened to new ideas of life. They caught the truth, they felt it, they determined to act upon it. The serenity of the convent was broken up, for the young nuns speedily made known their belief, and told the truth to their sisters. The older ones were unconvinced; they looked with sorrow, even with hatred, upon the young heretics—with derision called them the "Lutheran sisters." More books were received at Nimpstch, and deeper and warmer became their enthusiasm for Dr. Luther and his words. With this came also a distaste for the convent life—nay, it became hateful to them. Their bonds chafed them, their duties were unendurable, and their ever-present thought was to break their chains and get beyond their prison walls. They became refractory—refused to perform their religious

duties; no more invocations to the saints, no nightly vigils, fasts, or scourges. Faith, and a life conformed to that faith, was the idea which possessed them.

Finally, they resolved to use some means of escape, as all their letters to friends and relatives brought them no hope of release. Instead of sympathy and a welcome back to home, there were indignation, threats, and a denial of all assistance. They wrote to Dr. Luther, informing him of their troubles and their desire to escape, and asking aid.

This letter brought about the desired result. A night was appointed, and within the cloister the young nuns were preparing to leave their narrow world and enter into the trials of an untried greater one. Night came, and the nine women were in waiting before the high stone walls. Master Leonard Koppe, of Torgau, and Wolfgang Tomitzsch, were ready to assist them; and soon they stood upon the ground, without the convent, free from its forms and duties—free to worship as their hearts directed. They entered a covered wagon, filled with herring barrels—wherein, in case of necessity, they might hide—and drove away from bondage. At length they arrived at the old Augustinian convent, where their hearts were rejoiced to behold face to face their beloved Doctor Luther.

"The livery of the nun" was laid aside, and these courageous, truthful, noble women are ready to do whatsoever is required of them by their new religion.

Several persons kindly received them into their houses, and soon all of them were settled in Wittenberg. After the lapse of time, some were sent for by their relenting friends, some were married.

These nine nuns, who thus with courage and a brave independence shook off the unnatural bonds of the Roman church, and joyfully encountered any trial that would open the way to a true life in Christ —having found the truth which makes men free— were Magdalena Staupitz, Elizabeth Kanitz, Eva Gross, Eva and Margaret Schönfeld, Laneta Golis, Margaret and Katherine Zeschau, and Katharine von Bora. Independence of thought even amidst such thraldom and freedom of will and action, could only result from strong character, and a deep firm conviction of truth. The entrance of truth into the heart gives that power and strength of character.

V.

KATHARINE VON BORA.

We have seen the influence of Margaretha and Ursula, in forming the character of Luther. We have now to see what influence was being exerted upon him while he was moving the world with his theses, denunciations and doctrines, and shaking the foundation of the Roman See, calling forth papal bulls, anathemas, maledictions and pamphlets by the score.

Among the nuns who stole away from Nimpstch, was Katharine von Bora. She was born in Saxony in 1499, and belonged to one of the noble families of the land. At the age of sixteen, she was sent to the convent, where she remained in comparative happiness for several years. We already know how that life was cast aside, and Katharine became an inmate in the house of the burgomaster of Wittenberg. Luther found more trouble in his matrimonial schemes for the grave and dignified Katharine than he had had with the other nuns. She was the noblest of them all. Although not beautiful, yet there was majesty in her manner; earnestness and expression in her dark eyes; character in the large, but firm

mouth; and intellect in the high, smooth forehead. Until more acquainted with her, she seemed cold and reserved—so much so, that the great Doctor himself was awed; but after having won her friendship there was seen a warmth of heart, a congeniality and kind, open winning manner, that was particularly engaging. Jeremy Baumgartner was the first aspirant to the love of this daughter of the house of Bora. But such honor was not for him, nor for Dr. Glatz, whom Luther highly recommended. Katharine was not quite as frank as Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, for she did not say directly, "Why don't you speak for yourself, Martin:" but she communicated the fact that the Doctor himself was her favorite, to his friend Amsdorf, who was not long in producing order out of the confusion.

On the 13th of June, 1525, Luther, accompanied by his friends Pomeranus, Lucas Cranach, and the lawyer Apell, entered the house of Amsdorf, and with little ceremony, but great brevity and abruptness, he asked the astonished Katharine to become his wife. They were immediately betrothed, and before the day had closed, Luther and Katharine, monk and nun, were married. He took his bride, the dignified, graceful Katharine, to the old Augustinian cloister to make a home for him; for deep within his heart there was the true German love and longing for a home and fireside to which he could claim exclusive right.

A new life begins now in the old monastery, and the dark gloom and silence of the cloisters are dispelled and banished by the cheerfulness and brightness which the presence of Katharine diffuses. The invisible shades of the departed monks, were they able to look in upon this happy domestic life, would have been filled with holy horror and repeated a dozen—nay, a score of dozens—of *aves* and *pater-nosters* for their former brother, for both these who had once vowed celibacy.

The life of Martin and Ketha, (as he loved to call her) approached very near to the ideal of married life. When Martin Luther married, there was not the deep, warm, earnest love for Katharine that she gave him; he said at the time—"I am not on fire with love;" but it came, and as the years passed, it became deeper, warmer, more earnest—the full, strong love such as a heart like that of Martin Luther, with his great strong nature, is alone capable of holding. Katharine had a firm, strong character; she was capable of supporting and helping in trials, not sinking beneath them and proving a burden. She had a quick, understanding mind, and could readily appreciate the thoughts of the great Doctor, although not able to pursue them to the depth of their meaning. She was warmly interested in all his work, and by her interest and enthusiasm increased that of Luther. She helped him, as far as she was able, in his intel-

lectual pursuits, by reading to him and writing for him. She relieved him of many duties, in order that his precious time might be devoted to the cause for which he was born. She carried on all his correspondence, when capable; and those letters that she could not arrange herself, she kept him from forgetting. No household affairs were allowed to trouble him, for Ketha had great managing abilities. All the financial affairs of the house were well regulated, and without a thought by the master of it. The farm at Zolsdorf, which Martin had given to his wife, was kept in excellent condition; buildings were erected, the land was tilled and improved, and everything done by the supervision of the wife of Dr. Luther.

But not only were the outward affairs kept in this flourishing condition, not only was Madam Luther a financier and manager, but within the house there was a home. Here she was the tender, loving wife, the wise and good mother. Here all the gentler womanly qualities of her nature shone forth—here she was the "perfect woman nobly planned," one to comfort, soothe and sympathize. She loved to make the home cheerful and happy, to aid her husband by making his surroundings bright, so that no anxieties or worriments should disturb his work; but that when his aching, weary brain sought relief, it could be found at the peaceful fireside.

A most beautiful picture of domestic happiness is

seen in the home of the Luthers. We catch a glimpse of another feature of Martin Luther's wonderful nature. In the public life, before the diets and councils, we see him firm—even stubborn—unyielding, inflexible and stern. Our admiration and reverence are awakened. At the home in Wittenberg we see tenderness and gentleness; a deeply warm loving heart; and a charm of pathos and sympathy is thrown over his nature, subduing all harshness. This awakens our love, and so all the feelings that reveal a hero to us are aroused, and we look upon Martin Luther as such.

Katharine showed a tact in adapting herself to the mood of her associate, so that she was always companionable to him. When he was heart-sick with the severe trials and bitter invectives that were poured upon him, it was her comfort that soothed him. When fatigued and downcast, she would sit at his side, sewing or embroidering his picture, and speak healing words to him—verses from the Scriptures that were as balm to his ruffled spirit. She would turn his thoughts from the grave and serious, by asking him questions—often amusing, with the greatest simplicity and *naivete*. She was a good listener, and would interestedly listen to any subject that he preferred talking upon. Together they worked in love, for the sick and the poor.

Oftentimes the monastery would bear semblance to

a hospital, for the sick and the poor ever met kindness from its inmates. Friends came to visit them, and after being led through the garden by Dr. Luther (who displayed with pride Ketha's vegetables and flowers), and having enjoyed supper under the trees, the company would have music before they left the Wittenberg convent. Every one praised the domestic happiness, and acknowledged that it had been well for Martin Luther to marry.

Looking at the results of that union, we see that it was, and concur in the opinion of those friends of Luther's in the sixteenth century. A life filled—as his was—with cares, anxieties, and dangers, needed sympathy and outside enjoyment, to sustain and refresh it. It would have been hard for the Reformer had he had no bright hours to make him forget his anguish, and strengthen him for greater trials, nor would his work have been so effectual. That well of tenderness and love in his nature which his domestic life reveals, would never have been known. And so this marriage, which the whole Catholic world cried out upon and pronounced cursed, proved blessed, and brought much good to the Reformation; and so to the Christian world, not only down to the present time, but throughout years to come, it will live.

But the peaceful, unbroken life at the monastery was often disturbed. Martin Luther would be obliged to go forth into the world, meet his opponents, and

cope with them. Many letters were interchanged. From these letters we see another phase of Martin's many-sided character. Here he displays a genial, good-humored, playful, fun-loving spirit, which has before been entirely hidden under his austerity.

Here we see how strongly he was attached to his wife, home, and children. Kindly he writes to his beloved Ketha, laughing at her fears for his safety, playfully chiding her for her loneliness, and signing himself "thy old lover." Truly, although the god Peitho was not with him in his earlier days, now he imparted to him the "speech of love." That Katharine von Bora still retained her dignity is apparent, for in these letters she is addressed as "Mea domina Ketha," "Doctress Luther," "My lord Kate," "Sir Kate," etc. Not only letters, but packages, medicines, and pictures, did the careful wife send to him to show her solicitude and love. But the forebodings of Katharine were realized at last, and Martin Luther returned no more to his beloved Wittenberg home.

Did no clouds invade their happy household?—was there no dissonance nor discord in the family? There may have been—*humanum est errare*, and we are of the earth, earthy. Whatever were the shadows, they are unknown, entirely obscured by the sunshine of their everyday life. Many of the Wittenbergers found fault with the Doctor's wife on account of her haughty spirit. It was urged against her that she was

proud. Yet, how could she well avoid it? Was not her husband Martin Luther? Was it not a commendable thing in her to take pride in that fact?

Luther himself has given us the highest praise for Katharine von Bora. Thinking of her and his happy home, he writes: "The greatest gift of God is a pious, amiable spouse, who fears God, loves her home, and with whom one can live in perfect peace and confidence." After his death, in his will, were found words of approval that must have been precious to her sorrowing heart: "My Ketha has always been a gentle, pious, and faithful wife to me."

We will not follow her, through the seven years of trial after his death, until she broke the bonds of earth. Suffice to say that in the severest trials of poverty, persecution, and loneliness, she still maintained that womanly dignity and heroism which belonged to her—which was inherent in her nature.

It is a sad thing to know that the world quickly forgot its debt to the great Reformer, and that no response met the pathetic appeals that came again and again from the widow of Martin Luther. Sad it is that she who had cheered one who has brought cheer to the world, found none to cheer in those years of poverty, flight, and uninterrupted calamity!

It is not alone because of the fact that Katharine von Bora was the wife of the leader of the Reformation, that she is given historic notice. Independent

of this, powerful as it is, she has earned a high place among the world's renowned ones, by her own individual, strong character—her own bold, eventful, influential life. She combined the work of the one at the fireside—inspiring hope and courage to the hero—and the suffering of that great company of women whose life was cast in a time when turmoil and trial brought to them a thousand distresses and sorrows. Katharine von Bora belongs to the Reformation as one of its inherent parts. As she belongs to it, so it has a claim upon her. The Reformation annals are not complete without her, and among all the noble friends which it brings to us, there is none to whom we give that free, spontaneous, warm love which lives in our hearts for Katharine von Bora.

VI.

CATHERINE KRAPP.

WHAT are Plymouth Rock, Carpenter's Hall, Beacon Hill, without their hallowed memories? Poor, dumb mouths though they be, their language is eloquent. Divest the many sacred battlefields, historic spots, and hoarded relics of their associations, and what is left? There are many things which, having but little intrinsic merit, abound in interest and value because linked indissolubly with important and precious things. Thus it is with Catherine Krapp. Possessing nothing extraordinary in her character or life, yet as the worthy wife of Melanchthon, she necessarily held a place of influence in the Reformation.

Erasmus, the critical egoist and profound scholar, was led to exclaim of the third in the quartet of leaders in the Reformation: "What expectations does Philip Melanchthon excite, who is yet a youth; yea, one may say a mere boy, and has already attained to equal eminence in the Greek and Latin literature!" And the exclamation was well grounded, for at the age of seventeen he became Doctor of Philosophy, and his powers of mind and attainments

were spoken of near and far. He became Professor of Greek in the Wittenberg University, and thus was brought into companionship with Luther. The young Professor, small in stature, with deep blue eyes and a noble forehead, became very popular, and drew students from distant places. Many institutions eagerly sought to gain him, and calls came from Nuremberg, Heidelberg, Tubingen, and even from England and France.

The Wittenbergers observed this with distrust, and the fear that he would leave them urged the necessity of binding their favorite more securely to them. How could it be done? They decided that he must marry. All matrimonial plans were vigorously rejected by the student, who was deeply immersed in study, and would tolerate no interference. His friends persisted, meeting all his arguments with counter-arguments. In this trial even his associate, Martin Luther, could not counsel him, nor even express an opinion, and merely saying, "He had every wish that his dear Philip might find a suitable companion," he could advise no farther. At that time Ketha was still a nun of Nimptsch.

The Wittenbergers proved the stronger party, and even selected the maiden. This was the daughter of the Burgomaster Krapp, at whose house Melanchthon was a frequent visitor. All arrangements were perfected by his ardent (over-ardent?) friends, and Me-

lanchthon yielded, sighing: "So; such is the will of God, I must relinquish my studies and joys, and follow the advice of my friends." Many learned men, some to be Reformers, witnessed the solemnization of the marriage.

The gentle, affectionate Catherine was coldly received. However, she was not repulsed. In proportion as Melanchthon grew colder, her love and devotion increased. It was not that Catherine herself was disliked, but he feared lest his well-beloved work would be interrupted. He knew and acknowledged her worth. He speaks highly of her education, character, and disposition, which were "such as he could have asked from God," and admits that "she certainly deserved a better husband."

There is a sweetness and beauty in her bearing toward him. Not resentful nor passionate, but trustful and faithful, she awaited with patient hope the smile of her husband. Would it come? Could the distant frigidity remain? Can the snow-drifts continue beneath the warm golden sunbeams? or is it possible for the bud to remain dwarfed and undeveloped when warm, powerful forces are bidding it unfold? No more could Melanchthon retain his cold, unimpassioned manner (which was contrary to his nature), when such devotion and love were exercised toward him. Even as, in the midst of the frigid North region, fountains of water, intensely heated, bubble

up, so from beneath this cold reserve sprang a warm, true affection.

Catherine was one of nature's most loving, yet timid and fearful creatures. She formed a circle of love about her, and jealously guarded it—ever wakeful, ever divining by a quick instinct if any perils threatened her loved ones. Upon Philip her love centred itself, and at every indication of danger she was quickly roused. Public work often called him away from home, and then anxieties for his safety would overwhelm her timid, loving soul. With tears and sobs, even upon bended knees, as Calpurnia to Cæsar, would she beseech him to remain at home. So great was her distress, so great her influence (howsoever wrongly used), that unable to resist, he would yield, saying, "Such is our lot." It was this same inability to resist persuasion that led to errors in the life of Melanchthon. His gentle spirit could not resist superior force, and led him to compromise. It was this that Luther condemned; and yet this same mildness of nature had great effect in moderating the impetuous boldness of Dr. Luther.

Melanchthon's marriage introduced a new element —a new aspect to the Reformation—one upon which we love to muse, and which claims our warmest interest and enthusiasm—one by which we obtain such a view of the Reformers, whereby they are made more real to us—where, forgetting their heroic deeds, we

feel that they are human, and even such as we. A fireside was opened to the Reformation—the first where the weary outcast found rest—the first where the learned congregated to hold council—the first where the Christian found sweet communion. This was a happy forerunner of the joys of the homes of Luther and Zwingli.

Gentle deeds of mercy and kindness brought constant blessings to Catherine. The gentleness and mild tenderness so characteristic of both Melanchthon and his companion could not but produce a tranquil, happy home. The Reformer enjoyed it, and speaks pleasurably of "his little church," as he called the nursery.

We have abundant evidence that by his marriage his fears were not realized. Surely there is sufficient proof that study was not neglected, in the long list of commentaries, dissertations, translations, doctrinal and ethical works, official documents, declarations, responses, and extensive correspondence, of which he was the author.

Although her life is destitute of stirring incident, still we see in her a lovely character, one well adapted to the gentle Philip, and whilst we may admire that, we must also remember that to her we are indebted for the first opening to the social side of the Reformation, for the first open home where was help, encouragement, and strength for those who led us

into freedom and light. Those little, nameless, unrecorded deeds of love were a part of her daily life; and the kindness flowing in sympathy from her loving heart was a silent stream of blessing to the strugglers in the strife. This is a hidden power and beauty in this quiet, gentle life.

VII.

ANNA REINHARD.

On New Year's day in the year 1519, Ulrich Zwingli entered the church of Zurich, and, in his own earnest, eloquent manner, began to expound the Scriptures in an entirely new way to his hearers. Salvation through Christ, and he the only Mediator, although so well known to us as to seem perfectly clear and simple, was to those of the sixteenth century a new thought. This idea Zwingli ever kept before them. The great truth that characterized his preaching is expressed in the motto he prefixed to all his letters—"*Jesus Christ*, the Son of God, hath said, 'Come unto *me*, all ye that labor and are heavy laden.'" He was wonderfully gifted. Myconius says of him, "Never had there been seen a priest in the pulpit with such an imposing appearance and commanding power, so that you were irresistibly led to believe that a man from the apostolic times was standing before you." The people of Zurich were startled, convinced, and became more and more enthusiastic over Zwingli. He was very popular, and everywhere he was welcomed.

Among the most rapt hearers, none were more

enchained and moved than Anna Reinhard. Beautiful, ill-fated, much-chastened Anna! If God's love is measured by his chastenings, then must she have been the most beloved of women, as she was "the most sorely tried." Her life is one of contrasts; of the very darkest sorrow and the most sunshiny happiness. The web of her existence is so wrought that the greater part is of the most sombre hue, while here and there we catch the gleam of a golden thread.

In her girlhood she was extremely beautiful, graceful, and full of animation. She early won the love of a young nobleman—John Meyer von Knonan. "Difference in blood" forbade a happy consummation, and the parents of Meyer arranged another marriage for him. "The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns." So despite all barriers they were married, and thirteen years of happiness were passed, when Anna became a widow. The father of Meyer had cast him off; but a few years after his death, a reconciliation between Anna and Meyer's father was effected, through the innocent agency of the little Gerold. By this means, Anna was raised to the social position of the Meyer family, and assumed the attire and carriage demanded by it. At the death of the elder Meyer, Anna obtained the house in Zurich, where she was living when Zwingli entered upon his labors there. Her son Gerold soon won the love of the Reformer, who offered to direct him in his studies.

Thus a bond of friendship was formed, and Zwingli became a frequent visitor at the home of Gerold.

Anna was now clothed in matronly dignity. The freshness of youth's beauty had departed, but there was left a richer attractiveness. Sorrow had given her a sweet seriousness, and imparted a subdued grace that enhanced her loveliness. As she walked in and out, completely absorbed in care for her children, Zwingli was irresistibly drawn toward her. Her gentle and firm disposition, her piety, good sense, and modest worth, were such as he would love in his life companion.

His deliberations confirmed his inclinations, and Anna agreed to brave his perilous future. Marriage among the priesthood was a sorely-debated question, and to enter it Zwingli would encounter more censure from the Catholic world, which had already denounced him as like unto Luther. He had openly declared against celibacy; still, a public marriage was hazardous. A private ceremony was performed in 1522, and Anna became the wife of the gifted Swiss Reformer. Now her future became as his, uncertain, full of fears and anxieties. She laid aside her rich robes, jewels, and ornaments, and appeared as became the wife of the parish priest of the Great Minster.

In 1524 the marriage was publicly celebrated, to the great joy of his fellow Reformers. Some happiness is now granted to them. Ulrich Zwingli is

happy in his home. Here there is open-hearted generosity and hospitality. Wanderers, outcast and persecuted Protestants of all lands, found a refuge and kind sympathy, and many were the blessings invoked upon the thoughtful hostess. Not only refugees, but the great and learned, found the hearth of Zwingli an agreeable place. This was a favorite resort of the Reformers, and many were the weighty questions discussed and the animated conversations that took place here. All agreed that Anna Zwingli had a wonderful combination of practical good sense and a rare facility in entertaining and conversing.

Could the guest have seen further, and caught a glimpse of the ways and means in the parsonage, they would have accorded due praise for economy and thriftiness. So many calls upon the slender income demanded close calculation and frugality, in which Anna did not fail. Zwingli could well appreciate this economy, for he practiced the same with regard to his time. The great mutual work of both was the education of the children; and it was a topic of much thought and conversation. Zwingli wrote and published a work upon that theme. In the household, however, he was not the scholar or the preacher, but the father and the husband, enjoying household conversation. In the evenings he would read the proof sheets of his Swiss Bible to her, and when finished, presented the first copy to her. This book was

her constant companion, at home and among her friends and sick neighbors, to whom she would read it.

Zwingli was very active in public and state affairs, being, in later life, more of a statesman than a preacher. Many were the troubles that grieved him, but he ever found a ready sympathy in Anna.

We do not see that active co-assistance and understanding in the married life of the Swiss Reformer that we so love in the home-life of his brother Reformer in Germany; still it was a happy one, and by it Zwingli was much strengthened and cheered. Anna proved a worthy companion, and fully met the wish of Capito for Zwingli, that she might be "a fellow-servant in the word, a help-meet of an apostle."

Public troubles in Zurich increased. Zurich had gained to the cause of the Reformation six cantons, five remaining Roman Catholic. There was constant dissension between these two divisions, which at length proved fatal to the Zurichers. The five cantons refusing religious liberty within their domain, the Protestant cantons, headed by Zurich and Berne, passed an embargo upon the former, thus depriving them of the necessities—salt, corn, iron, and steel. In vain Zwingli—the Reformer and statesman—urged them to withdraw their restriction. Finally, the exasperated five cantons took arms and marched toward Zurich. In haste and confusion—for they had refused to believe the report—the men of the town

hastened to meet them. October 10th, 1529, the crisis came, and all Zurich was in an agony of fears, and every household saddened by the departure of some loved one—perhaps that one would never return. Anna with silent anguish commended her beloved Ulrich to God, and bade him farewell, All day there was the hushed silence of prayer in the city. Anna in her home, with her children gathered around her, filled with presentiment and fear, was praying, yet fearing to hope—waiting in suspense.

Night came, and news was spread all over the stricken city. On the night air the cry that reached the waiting heart of Anna was, "Zwingli is slain." What heart-rending news! Yet, ere the agony of this blow had lost its intensity, more heralds tell the death of Gerold, her pride. Now is the cup full; but it must overflow, and more sad tidings come. Her brother, her brother-in-law, her son-in-law, and others, are lying on the battle-field, wrapped in death. As loss after loss is made known, it seems that the torn heart must break; yet, although there is heard lamentation and wailing in all Zurich, Anna finds no relief in tears—her agony is too great, it stupefies. All her loved ones laid low by one stroke! Could sorrow be heavier? Sorrow can be heavier, for Anna has still more to bear.

The long night of throe and anguish past, morning brings a keener sorrow, for Anna can obtain no fare-

well look at her loved companion—his body is quartered and burnt to ashes! Ignominy and disgrace is heaped upon the departed hero.

Such was the sorrow that came to Anna Reinhard. Thenceforward, for the remaining seven years, her life was one of seclusion. She devoted herself to the care of the orphan children of her son and daughter, and her own. Kind friends with ready sympathy endeavored to cheer her saddened lot. She remained in the home of Henry Bullinger, Zwingli's successor, but never appeared in public. She had been one of those called to suffer in a time of universal suffering, yet it is doubtful if so much sorrow was meted out to any other. "An accumulation of sorrows," wrote one of the Reformers to her; while another cries, "O pious, beloved woman, be faithful!" Such an agony of trial would require the very strongest faith, and in this storm which tried the very heart and reins of her Christian character, by her noble endurance and firm reliance Anna Reinhard revealed to the hesitating people of Switzerland the secret power of that new, true faith in Christ.

VIII.

IDELETTE DE BURES.

Calvin had reached the age of twenty-nine without a thought of marriage. The frequent occurrence of unpleasant incidents in his home, where a virago servant maltreated his visitors, brought the question close to him, and friends and relations were not delinquent in pressing it. He was, however, critical, fastidious, and most difficult to please. Each aspirant was rejected, often upon the slightest pretext, as is seen in the example of one refused merely because she was not conversant with the French language. So history says; but in view of the true, clear reason and conscience of Calvin, his consistent, upright, though cold character, we are compelled to believe that there was a strong basis for his actions in these matters. It must be true also, that he had sacred ideas of duty, and waited for the promptings of his heart, rather than that selfish, prudent reasons alone, controlled him here.

In much discouragement, anxiety, difficulty, the search was continued, until in sadness he was ready to abandon it, when he was drawn toward Idelette de Bures. It was not a violent attraction nor a passion-

ate attachment, for according to his own words, he was "not one of the kind" to experience such emotions. His nature was adverse to it, yet not incapable of true, strong devotion, and sincere, deep affection. These, however, were controlled by reason. He admired chastity, modesty, submission, economy, patience, and wanted for a wife such an one as would have an inclination to be careful of the health of her husband. Cool, with deliberation and calm reason, he measured the worth of a wife. Audin, the Romanist, puts it that he wanted a secretary, a nurse, a cook, a manager; yet, we know, in view of the character of Calvin, that had all these qualities been present, they *alone* would not have led him to a union. He knew with his keen conscience the holiness of marriage, and his practical reasoning directed him, not supremely, but as checked and restrained by that inward voice of supreme authority. Assuredly, she who could stand such a test must be, indeed, a woman such as Idelette—called by him a "*singularis exempli femina.*"

She was the widow of Störder, an Anabaptist, who had lived in Strasburg. Calvin had converted them, and had been a frequent visitor at their house. Naturally, she would be attractive to such as John Calvin. Quiet, unobtrusive, with a refined simplicity, and a high culture and intellect, she would appeal to the cold intellectuality characteristic of this Reformer.

Their marriage was celebrated with great solemnity, and another home was opened to the Reformation. This was one of the camps in the war of Reform—one of the larger resting or hiding places to which the hunted fled for support. It is scarcely conceivable how many flocked here, or how much power there was in Calvin. Geneva, which had increased but one thousand during a half century, now rapidly increased; and during the seven years of Calvin's sojourn (1543–1550), the population arose from 13,000 to 20,000. We may well conclude that Idelette would encounter difficulties in entertaining the many guests, who were all desirous of speaking with Calvin, and the refugees who sought counsel of him. Great must have been the struggle in the household economy, since we know the words of Calvin: "I am so needy, that I have not a cent in my pocket." But notwithstanding these trials, there was happiness. We are told that it was a congenial union; Calvin says he was "happy in a faithful companion who served the Lord with him, who loved him, and sought to make life peaceful and happy to him." At one time she is "the excellent companion of my life," and again, "the faithful assistant of my ministry." Such words of encomium from lips not given to smooth expressions of flattery, and seldom to just praise, are worth more than volumes of neatly-turned phrases from the pen of an adept sycophant.

We all love to picture to ourselves the heroes of history. As we read of them, think about them, forms arise in the imagination, and as we color them with our own fancy, they become living, real to us, and we see them with the inner eye as distinctly as physical objects are beheld with the natural. How do we think of Idelette de Bures, and how does she appear to us? Not as Katharine von Bora does she live in our heart and mind. Here we miss that hearty—*herzig*—look, those warm, sympathetic eyes, that ready smile of friendship, that wins us and makes us friends—these are lacking. We get these impressions from the home scenes and conversations, the little incidents and events that make up the life. We have caught the warm blaze from the hearth of the Luthers; it has kindled our love, and our hearts beat with love for them. The ruddy light vanishes as we enter the home of Calvin. Pure, simple, beautiful, we look on and admire, yet we do not cross the threshold and sit down in familiar talk. Boldly we open the letter-box of Dr. Martin (would we dare say "John" of Calvin?), and feel happy in his loving words of Ketha and home; he has made himself our Luther, a loved friend, and in his generosity he opens his heart to us, shows his love for Ketha, and bids us enjoy it with him. Not so, John Calvin. Within his heart, or brain (for the latter must have been the greater), he had locked his thoughts and feelings, and Idelette

is hid with them. So she is to us one with a passive beauty — for she laid claims to the latter. There shines intelligence, reason, from her eyes, and a modest, calm dignity surrounds her. As the rich, warm, glowing, life-imparting painting to the cold sculptured marble, so is the relation of these two.

Nine years passed in co-labor, and then the delicate, gentle Idelette, passed from his sight. Great is the condemnation, loud are the accusations of the enemies of Calvin, upon his actions at the death of his wife. He steadily pursued his work, and there was no outward demonstration. Therefore, he is called cold, heartless, unfeeling. This is, however, but a part of his nature. He has a strong will and a dominant reason, and controls the expression of his inner emotions. In such a nature there is a depth of sorrow, and an anguish of grief which those of a contrary nature cannot comprehend, and it is only a superficial observation which can call such men "heartless," as the enemies of Calvin cried. Looking more closely, we see a sorrow which finds no utterance and reveals a heart susceptible of the deepest emotions. Two days after her death he writes: "My wife's death I have very bitterly felt, but I endeavor as much as possible to restrain my sorrow." He speaks of the great control exercised, or it could not have been borne, "it certainly would have crushed me." Seven years later, he still feels the pain, for in

a condolatory letter he mentions his own great sorrow. It was deep in his nature, but a preponderating intellect and controlling will concealed it.

Is Idelette spoken of too highly? Audin says: "If we are to credit Protestant writers, all these wives of reformers were angels of modesty, of virtue, whom God seems to have created expressly to be the ornaments and happiness of their husbands." Truly the faults of these are not held up prominently, and all bidden to denounce the individual. Virtues are extolled because they are beautiful, yet no one forgets that there are faults there—the evil mingled with the good. We search the earth for the gold, yet we find it mixed with dross; still we ever behold the beauty of the metal—it is so precious we overlook the dross, although still there. So with these women. The ages are passing, and distance shows truly the good and the evil of events in their true light. All minor points fade into insignificance, and we look at the final result. We see that a good influence has emanated from these women in the Reformation, we see their worth, we are grateful for it, they are precious to us; and, although not seeking to hide error, we forget it. As a whole, the character stands before us, we exclaim, "True, beautiful!" feeling the effect of the combination, even as in a work of the sculptor; nor do we examine the defects in the marble—they are as nothing to the expression of the noble idea.

IX.

THE MONASTERY OF KÖNIGSFELDT.

THE contest of the sixteenth century, although attacking only the faith and doctrines of the Roman church, eventually led to the breaking up of its forms and institutions. Everywhere the religious houses were shaken, and as the new faith gained ground, many were dissolved.

Among the foremost was the convent of Königsfeldt, in Switzerland, on the banks of the Aar. This storied convent, where the nobility took the veil, was a truly royal structure. It was adorned with monastic glory and magnificence. Through the richly stained glass of the windows, the rays of the sun streamed with softened glory, giving to the place that dim religious light which imparts subdued feelings. Mysterious symbolic pictures, in glorious coloring, covered the walls. Everywhere the eye rested there was harmony, glory and beauty. What must have been the character of worship here! The glorious, sublime, soul-stirring music pouring forth from the organ, in waves and swells of deep harmony, the "voices of males and females blending," the chanting of the priest and choir boys—this alone

appealed to the senses and awoke emotions. More than that, there was the low, scarce audible response of the kneeling congregation, like mutterings of spirits through the place; the swinging of the censer; the perfume of the incense; the twinkling glimmer of the candles lighting up the gorgeous robes of the priests. All these appeal to the senses—and we see it is a religion of sense.

These formalities and accessories awaken, even in the most ignorant, feelings of awe, mysterious wonder and reverence, which compel them to bow and worship blindly. It is the call from outward influences to the feelings. True religion is the inward call—the cry of the soul to something outside of it, beyond it, above it. The soul is filled with indefinable longings which cannot be appeased with these ceremonies, be they ever so beautiful. It seeks God, and there is no peace until the voice of God speaks to it, answering to every want, satisfying every desire, and still willing to pour further blessings—ever saying, "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it."

The worship at Königsfeldt was carried on in the grandest manner, for it was the most magnificent—the most royal of the monasteries. A duchess, Catharine of Waldburg, was the abbess, and here the royal families of Switzerland and Suabia sent their daughters

"To endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mewed,
To live as barren sisters all their lives,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon."

This was no life of hard toil and bitter privation, as was usual among the sisterhood. A great degree of liberty was allowed them, and no onerous duties wearied them. All the new books of the day were received and read, and among them Luther's and Zwingli's. To the latter they were much attracted. His truly eloquent words awakened thoughts and ideas before unknown to them. Their love for Zwingli became so great that they sought some way to give expression to it. Margaret Watteville, a nun of a most gentle, quiet, serene disposition, conceived the idea to write a letter to the Swiss leader, and thank him for the precious thoughts to which he had given utterance. She told him how universally he was beloved in the convent; how his words had entered into their minds and hearts; and that they ever prayed for his preservation.

As they continued to read, their ideas were enlarged, and life assumed a new phase to them. They longed for liberty, and as slaves their cry was "freedom." A petition was sent to the council of Berne, asking permission to leave. The councilors of the canton became alarmed, and used every means to change the purpose of the nuns. They reasoned,

threatened, frightened, held forth promises and in ducements, but to no purpose. It availed naught to these determined women, who had found the true light, that the regime of the order was relaxed. The nuns became bolder, more resolute, and even desperate, and sent a most touching appeal to the council. It was well worded. They had selected the word by which to denominate themselves, which of all others was the most forcible—"We, your prisoners," —*prisoners*—those deprived of liberty—held by force.

Krauchthaler, an influential banneret in the council, beheld himself in a new and extremely distasteful position—that of a jailer, and moreover jailer of these high and noble young ladies. He declined continuing in such an office, and so the council reluctantly yielded. The doors of the monastery were thrown open, and all who were so inclined were allowed to depart.

Margaret and her companions joyfully left the grandeur and gloomy splendor of the convent; its beautiful adornings; its mystical worship; its sacred tranquillity; its seclusion and shelter from vanities. They walked forth not only in liberty of flesh—freed from all its rites and observances—but in the liberty of the spirit, which alone makes one truly free.

Thenceforward their lives were of a positive Christian character; not of unavoidable goodness, because free from temptation, but of a goodness that asserts itself whenever the trial comes.

X.

CLARA MAY AND THE DOMINICANS.

THE news of the heretics, the faith they possessed, the stirring thoughts awakening men to Christian individual responsibility, were resounding throughout Germany, penetrating France, pervading society in every corner of Europe, even as far as England and Scotland. Still the convent of St. Dominic in Berne was untouched by the heresy. Although situated in a Protestant canton, where all around the contest was hotly waging, the inmates of the convent were oblivious of the world's great strifes, calmly continuing in their religious studies and meditations. This contentment and happy ignorance could not long remain, and the time came when even here the heresy would enter.

St. Michael, being the patron saint of the convent, on that day—St. Michael's day—a celebration was held and the doors were thrown open for visitors to enter. The sisters held free converse with any who were present. This was an opportunity which could not be neglected by the reformers of Berne. Sebastian Meyer, Berthold Haller, and other notable men, gladly entered the holy place ready to reveal the new

truths to the Dominican sisters. A most interesting group they must have formed within those gray convent walls. There were the honest, fervent men speaking eagerly and confidently to the black-robed, grave nuns. But there is one among them all whom we cannot fail to notice; she attracts both by her manner, and an inherent something which we can recognize, yet fail to define.

Clara May had become a Dominican, much to the sorrow of her father, Claudius, who was an earnest worker in the Reformation. On this memorable day, she was to learn what had never before occurred to her. The conversation turning upon the life of those within the cloister, Meyer, the pastor of Anseltingen, remarked: "The merits of a monastic life are imaginary, whereas marriage is an honorable state, having been instituted by God himself." This was the thought that fixed itself in the mind of Clara May, and would not be dislodged. "Imaginary, imaginary," echoed and re-echoed within her brain. This life—her life—cloister life imaginary! It could not be. Then were all the ancient fathers wrong, then had her beloved "a Kempis" lived in vain, since his was a recluse life.

Is a life of consecration, leading to renunciation, the highest? It is the question of earlier times and even of the present. The idea is embodied and most forcibly demonstrated in St. Simeon Stylites. No one

could have so crucified the flesh to gain heaven, and was it all for naught? He has renounced all pleasures and comforts, and his years are spent

"In hungers and in thirsts, fevers and colds,
In coughs, aches, stitches, ulcerous throes and cramps,
Rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp, and sleet, and snow."

He has lived "thrice ten years thrice multiplied by superhuman pangs" singing pious hymns and psalms, in the midst of a suffering so intense that

"It may be no one, not even among the saints
May match his pains with mine."

And looking from his pedestal, where high in air he stands in pain, he cries:

"Mortify
Your flesh, like me, with scourges and with thorns—
Smite, shrink not, spare not."

Thousands obeyed. Thousands lived that life of torture—calling it love for God—and to what end? A life of self-renunciation is truly the highest, yet not in this form. It is the false idea of self-mortification for self-glory, as opposed to the life of self-abnegation for blessing to others, with no consciousness of the *ego*. Such is the true life. It is a life with a purpose; and the less of self, the more of good to others that purpose embraces, the higher the life. Can this be practiced in retirement—apart from the

world? No, the application demands association with the world, its sorrows and temptations.

The old saints say "flee the world." But a higher authority bids us go into the world and work, fight, watch, pray. Christ lived among men and not apart, showing it to be a common brotherhood. The New Testament records even the humble deeds of wayward women, but contains no prayer of a devotee.

Clara May could reach no conclusion. She spoke to her companions, but this raised an alarm by which Haller was nearly banished from Berne; for in their ignorance, they reported that he called "nuns the children of the devil." Finally, finding no repose, she wrote to Henry Bullinger, Zwingli's successor, who responded that St. Paul thought "young women should marry and not make vows." He added a verse from Timothy, "Follow Jesus Christ in humility, charity, patience, purity and kindness." This was enough: Christ had spoken to her; she yielded, and the conflict was over. Duty plainly marked the path and she would follow in it. She wrote to her father, and was joyfully received by the many relatives who stood by the Reformers.

She was afterward married to Nicholas Matteville, brother of the Königsfeldt nun. He too was one of the true souls who had left the papal ranks, thereby losing worldly advancement. Together they walked in the humble, noble life of Christ's followers.

XI.

ANNE ASKEW.

PROGRESS must be propitiated with countless sacrifices. From ignorance to light, from superstition to reason, from thralldom to liberty, from slavery to freedom, there is a great abyss which cannot be crossed until bridged with human offerings. As the great world moves forever down the ringing grooves of change, there ever mingles with the triumphal paean a deep wail of the De Profundis. Light hath come forth from deep darkness, and the throes of anguish herald it. Just behind the victory is the abyss of human sacrifice. The Sixteenth Century beheld such a chasm, and promptly filled the gap. One of the host that dared cross too soon—before the offering was complete—was Anne Askew. Her young life was freely cast into the yawning gulf, as the Reformation, with mighty strides, crushing many to exalt the innumerable, marched onward.

It is a prominent fact that the great power that won the masses from Romanism was not the preaching of the Reformers, although this converted many—not the promulgation of theses, doctrines, disputations, although this had its influence—not the exposure of

the corruptions and abuses of Popery, although this stirred the hearts of many—but the mighty, universal force was the broadcast distribution of the Bible. Everywhere, from the rugged highlands of bonnie Scotland to the deep blue skies of sunny Italy, the open Word was eagerly read, often with trembling and in secret; and thus seeing the variance of the doctrines of Romanism from the pure word of the Lord, the heart revolted from the former, and so loved and leaned upon the precious truths of the latter, that it became dearer than life, and even worthy of its sacrifice.

In the heart of Anne Askew, the new, wondrous truths of Scripture worked the natural change. She became a diligent student of the Bible, a helper and fellow-laborer among the devoted Lollards; but this devotion brought to her few years the bitterest bread of adversity and the deepest water of trouble. Married early, against her will, there was but little sympathy in her home-relations, and when she became suspected of heresy, this turned to hatred. Her husband, with the priests at his heels, subjected her to cruelty and shameless severity, and finally drove her from the house. She went to London, and as her case was a common one there, she met many kind and sympathetic friends at court. Persecution followed her here, but so pure and true was her life that even a spy was obliged to report that she was the

most devout woman he had ever seen. But dare a young woman of twenty-three, defenseless and gentle, hope to escape the determinate cruelty of brutal priests, helped as they were by her husband? A pretext was found, and she was brought to trial. She has left a tender account, written while in prison. It is well that there is a minute report of this examination, for it is a fine, clear exposition of Anne's character. We see the keen, bright, alert mind; quick, shrewd and witty are her brilliant thoughts; we see the strong, noble soul whose conscience rested in God alone; we see the true, earnest Christian character, fearless, trusting, confident. The scripture was the basis of her faith, and to this she clung. The object of the examiners was to obtain an acknowledgment of heresy; but, hoping to avert the impending sentence, she refused to criminate herself. Says the examiner: "Do you believe that the sacrament upon the altar is the very body and blood of Christ?"

To this she responds: "Please inform me why Stephen was stoned to death?"

"I cannot tell," says the examiner.

"Neither will I tell you whether I do or do not believe the sacrament upon the altar to be the very body and blood of Christ."

Without acknowledging or denying her belief, her constant response was, "I believe as the Scripture teacheth." Nevertheless, she was sent to prison, only

to be brought to another examination. Upon one speaking insinuatingly against her life, she nobly responded: "I would that all men knew my conversation and living in all points; for I am so sure of myself at this hour that there is none able to prove any dishonesty in me. If you know any that can do it, I pray you bring them forth."

A confession of faith, contrary to her conscience, was brought to her for her signature. Importuned by friends and threatened by enemies, fearing to deny, she wrote, "I do believe all things contained in the faith of the Catholic church." This was beyond all bounds! Bonner, the prelate, was enraged, for was not this an open acknowledgment of the Lollards, the Waldenses, and every other class of heretics, and a total ignoring of the Great Roman Church? In wrath and a storm and frenzy of rage he committed her to prison. Her doom was sealed, for none dared the anger of Bonner and Gardiner, and escaped.

In the solitude of her prison, alone with him who was cast aside and who became a reproach among men, she found sympathy, comfort and strength. Her heart cries out in sorrow, "More enemies now I have than hairs upon my head;" but responds again in trust, "Christ will take my part and ease me of my woe." Meditating upon the state and probable issue of her present imprisonment, she was convinced that

nothing but recantation would save her life. She could no longer maintain her ground of negation, nor evade the positive declaration of her sentiments. What should she do? Lose her life—and in cruel torture? It is a hard question, and terrible in its sadness to come to one but twenty-four years of age—young, vigorous, hopeful, beautiful!

Conscience spoke to the young sufferer, and fearing God alone, she wrote, fearless of men, her whole belief maintaining unfalteringly the truth of God's word in opposition to Popish doctrine. This was all that was wanted. The last trial shows forth nobly her fearless Christian womanhood: without evasion or hesitancy she responds to all inquiries; but sneers and scoffs are the resort of her opponents, as bishop after bishop is put to confusion and ridicule, as she shows the absurdity and foolishness of their questions when put to Scriptural test. Her confession being taken as the proof of her guilt, she was condemned to die. In the name of justice she appealed to the king, but the inquisitors had more power than an humble appeal, although based on justice.

Bonner and Gardiner—the infamous—were not yet satisfied; they were remorseless, and thirsted for cruelty. Hearing that Anne Askew had received kind messages, favors and gifts while in prison, they sought to find out who had been her friends, and to convict them accordingly. Anne was questioned to

no purpose; and as a result we find the delicate, tender frame of the gentle woman stretched upon the rack and every joint displaced. Here she is the same strong, fearless, faithful woman, a soul firm to Christ, true to her friends as to her God.

From Newgate to Smithfield—from the prison to the stake—and the heroic young martyr gives up the life that is perfected by her death. It is the great time of transition, and this is but one of the sacrifices demanded. Still suffering from her torture, Anne was carried to the place of execution and bound to the stake. With her there are three Christian men, in fear and grief; and to them she is a messenger of comfort and cheer, with "an angel's countenance and smiling face," speaking words of courage and hope. Even here, there is another test of her heroic endurance and faith. As the fire is about to be started, a sealed packet is shown her—the king's pardon if she will recant. "I am not come here to deny my Lord and Master," was the firm response of the heroic soul. She had borne the storm of the conflict, and on the verge of everlasting peace would not look back, but stepped forward.

Abraham was called to offer not *one of* his sons, but his beloved Isaac. It was not *any* lamb of the flock that was brought to the sacrifice, but the firstling of the flock. So into these chasms when ignorance changes to light, the offerings brought are, many times, the strength and beauty of a noble young life.

XII.

ELIZABETH OF BRANDENBURG.

ELIZABETH, Electress of Brandenburg, was a powerful agent in the Reformation, and the fruits of her mission are yet seen. Prussia is a Protestant country. This is due to her influence, and the honor of it should be accorded to her. The house of Brandenburg—one of the most powerful in Germany—lent great assistance in promoting the progress of the Reformation; and for this all gratitude should be given to the pious Electress, Elizabeth of Brandenburg.

She was a member of the royal family, granddaughter of Christian I. of Denmark, sister of Christian II. and in many other ways connected with the nobility. At the age of sixteen, she was married to Joachim I., Elector of Brandenburg, also a member of the house of Saxony, and royally connected. Brandenburg, which now forms part of Prussia, being among the largest of the many states into which the country was divided, wielded accordingly a powerful influence. Elizabeth, marrying the Elector of the state, would therefore have some power in directing that influence.

The marriage of Joachim and Elizabeth was looked upon as a most fortunate union; and indeed the first few years seemed to justify all the hopes of their friends. Happiness and sunshine flooded the path of the illustrious couple, and the love of Joachim for his beautiful wife was overflowing. She was called "the highest lady of the land, and also the most beautiful." Young, noble, graceful, lovely in form and features, for years she was the pride of the Elector's heart; but the evil days came, when he had no pleasure in her. His love, though deep and passionate while it existed, was mutable. His nature was fickle, and his love for Elizabeth waned. The brightness of their home slowly disappeared, and constant little bickerings exhausted their love.

> "It is the little rift within the lute,
> That, by and by, will make the music mute,
> And, ever widening, slowly silence all."

Not only did Joachim prove fickle, but he became faithless, and so brought heavier sorrow to his grieved wife. Trouble leads the sufferer to Christ. When all things in the world fail—love dies and the heart is desolate and sick—it seeks a refuge, which is found alone in Christ. So, Elizabeth was led to receive him. She devoted herself to the study of religious works, and was convinced by the truth of Martin Luther's words.

With her faith came an earnest desire and hope

that she might partake of the Lord's Supper. It became her ruling wish and longing. But, how could it be effected? Joachim was a most bigoted Romanist, a devoted zealot in the cause of Rome; Luther, Luther's works, Luther's religion, were all hateful to him. He was fierce and passionate, and feared by every one. Patiently she waited and never faltered in her purpose. An opportunity was presented. Her husband was called from the castle, and during his absence, she and her brother Christian I. accomplished what she had so long desired, and the holy communion was celebrated in the castle.

The consequences of this act were far greater than any of the participants had feared. No sooner had the master of the house entered, upon his return, than his daughter Elizabeth bounded forward to greet him and narrate all the wonderful events that had transpired in the castle during his absence. "A man's foes shall be those of his own household." Christ's prophecy met a fulfillment in this household. The rage of Joachim was intense; his anger knew no bounds, and made him forget all that was due his wife. Words failed to express his passion, and he ordered her to her room. Here she was kept, as a prisoner, in solitary confinement. She thought of all that had passed, of the probable future, and asking for guidance she resolved to act—to depart if possible, from the house of Joachim.

Accordingly, arrangements were made, and on a very dark night, in the habit of a peasant woman, Elizabeth, Electress of Brandenburg, left the castle of Joachim. A rude wagon was in waiting, and in this conveyance she rode away. Her flight was not without fears, anxieties, and discouragements. Before they had reached their destination, a wheel of the wagon broke, and the driver declared they could go no further. Elizabeth's heart sank, for she feared her lord would soon arrive and lead her back to confinement. She hastily took the handkerchief from her head and threw it to the man, who tied the broken part and hastily pressed forward. Arriving at her uncle's, the Elector of Saxony, she found him loth to receive her, as he feared the wrath of Joachim. Her tears and prayers prevailed, especially as the Elector was one of that consecrated band that existed secretly throughout the regions where the new truth had spread, to whom the mystic watchword "In His Name," dared not pass unheeded, but claimed all the sympathy and help of a loyal, devoted follower.

So the Elector was faithful to his vows in the face of danger and wrath, and helped this needy one strong in faith. He gave her the castle of Lichtenburg, to which she retired. Here she lived a life of seclusion, of study, of consecration. She seldom appeared in company, choosing rather to employ her time in reflection and devotion. Her children, who

were much attached to her, came often to see her. She never failed to speak to them upon the most necessary and the sweetest subject in the world. Her instructions were well heeded, and her influence upon those children is seen in their after lives.

After the death of Joachim, the children, who always thought of their mother with love, brought her from her retirement to her former home. Here her influence over them became greater, and although their father, in his deep hatred of the reform, made the sons promise by his dying bedside to work against it, yet—under the influence of their Christian mother—they were led to pursue an opposite course, and came out as noble and strong abettors of the cause of the Reformation, instead of its opponents, for which their father had designed them. Even her daughter Elizabeth, wife of Eric, a most bitter enemy of the Reformers and those of the new faith, she who had set husband and wife at variance (even as Christ had foretold), this strong foe at length renounced her old faith, declared herself a disciple of Christ, and became an influential ally of the right. Truly, prayer is an arm of might. So, Elizabeth's latter days were crowned with blessing. Luther wrote her many friendly letters, for she had become a personal friend of his during her retirement at Lichtenburg. She had, during that period, officiated as godmother to his beloved daughter Magdalene, and so had become

endeared to the Doctor. From him, she had learned many things, and had drank more deeply of that spiritual fount for having learned of him. All the mighty truths that the Wittenberg doctor had disclosed to her, gave her that power to lead her children in the true path.

The life of Elizabeth, Electress of Brandenburg, was not one of active, ever-varying incident and boldness. Her work in the Reformation can not be set to martial music, and awaken soul-stirring emotions, making the blood flow faster and kindling the imagination. Hers was not the position of the soldier in the midst of the fray, battling, striving, working in the glory and din of the field of action. No, her life was one of study, of solitude; of prayer, of devotion; of discourse and research—an intellectual life; and the influence of that life—quiet as it was—was most powerful. It is as some simple story, some unadorned poem, that although exercising a different power from the mighty, sublime verse of the old masters, is just as strong and as noble. Though not a hero in the ranks, helping the cause by open combat, she is as the canvasser that rouses others—appeals, convicts, incites others to enter the work—she is the voice that speaks to them, that is felt in their hearts, that leads them to brave the severest trials. She is one of those true magnetic souls that call forth nobility in every one, even the least soul whom she touches; one with

whom none can be trivial or false, for her very truth and earnestness would awake the hidden seeds of truth in the lowest soul. She is one of those souls whom God has sent into the world with a divine mission—the mission of *influence*.

XIII.

THE GENEVESE WOMEN.

In any great revolution or change, in those crises in the world's progress when the life or death of nations trembles in the balance, there is ever a secret unwritten history of suffering, of struggle, trial and grief. The world sees the outer contest, the fierce strife and battle; but beneath its clangor lies the silence of an unuttered, often unutterable woe. As the brave-hearted man goes forth fearlessly to face death, a loving, loyal people send with him tender sympathy and earnest prayer, yet too often forget that brave hearts are not in the battle-field alone; nor is it the only altar upon which the sacrifice of life is laid. There is a suffering even in the midst of the people, even around the home fire-side; a suffering not of the camp and the fight, but of the lonely heart, the struggling life, and the desolated home. There is a sorrow greater than death in a life-long grief, which is a daily death. Sorrow as a conqueror is less bitter in anguish than sorrow as a companion. This is the sacrifice which women offer to their country, and which crowns them patriots as true as those who freely gave a life in the hour it was demanded. This

is the trial which loyal women must suffer, and none can know the heroic lives which have borne such a part in the world's struggle for right and truth.

In the death-struggle of error and truth, ruin and destruction are scattered on all sides. Such a contest was the Reformation, and amid devastation and death, terror and darkness prevailed, and the record of individual suffering is lost in the great sum of universal misery. Here and there the name of a hero or martyr gleams, yet countless are the heroic hearts buried in earth's silence. Here and there the signal act of a woman is told; but hushed darkness lies upon untold sacrifice. Out of such agony alone came forth liberty and truth. The powers of darkness are mighty, and they shook the kingdom of heaven until cast in bonds under darkness unto the judgment of the great day. The lamentation and woe in the stricken homes was heard throughout the land. In the life of Anna Reinhard, we have the grief of thousands—life bereft of love in the loss of all the loved ones at a single stroke; in that of Anne Askew, the agony of those who counted it all joy to suffer, even in the flames, for truth's sake. That day in which men's souls were tried, came with a different demand to thousands. The trial of the Genevese women was peculiar, and reveals more than any other the general suffering of women in times of tumult and danger.

Although the Reformation, in its awakening, touched only upon abuses in the church, and aimed only at religious liberty, still it produced a wider revolution, disturbing the whole social and political world, bringing to light wrongs and sins in manifold phases, and sounded the herald cry of liberty in religion, which was caught up and re-echoed for a century in the cry for freedom in every God-given right of man. States, provinces, cantons, arose to shake off bonds that held them in unrighteous thraldom, and found in the Reformation a salvation from the evils of ages. Thus in Geneva the struggle was both political and religious; and the outcome was freedom in both aspects. The church rejoices in the Reformation as the natal day of religious liberty; but the world also can look upon it as the epoch when the great step was taken toward a higher political liberty, laying the foundation for a higher and broader civilization. Modern progress has resulted from the impulse which it gave to the world.

The struggle for liberty in Geneva was a struggle of centuries. The soul of the people burned under the yoke of tyranny, and the time of the Reformation brought the opportunity to cast it from them. For years, aye, for centuries, there had been a contention with the ruling dukes, who strove to unite temporal and spiritual power, while the people looked to the Bishop as the head of the church, and refused to

recognize the union of the rule of church and state. Amid the dissensions of the sixteenth century this struggle grew in intensity, and when the Duke of Savoy claimed this right, and encroached farther on the liberty of religion, the culmination was reached. Among the Genevese people there were Huguenots, men of conviction, of firm truth and deep religion, who fought earnestly against this injustice. The Duke was a cruel man, and maintained his right even with relentless boldness, while the martyred body of a Blanchet and Navis bore witness to the firmness and devotion of the Huguenots. When the noble Berthelier was killed and quartered, even then their courage failed not; and when the Duke attempted to deceive the people by a mystery-play, upholding Romanism, the brave men of conviction publicly responded by a drama—"The Sick World, and the *Bible* the only Remedy." They were *constrained* to maintain the truth. The opposition grew, and Levrier, the leader, was seized and imprisoned. The Duke knew how the people loved him, and cruelly cried: "Let them acknowledge themselves my subjects, and I will release Levrier."

Often the present moment makes a demand upon us, and we think we are justified in sacrificing the future to present necessity; but the Huguenots were not beguiled into this mistake of judgment. They loved Levrier, but they loved truth more. Each

would have ransomed him with his own life, but Geneva was too great a price to pay; moreover, it was not their right to give it. The noble ladies went to Beatrice, the Duke's wife and the power behind the throne, and begged his life; but vainly, for Levrier was executed. The storm gathered in darkness; the Duke withdrew in fear, and brought an army against the city. A hasty council was held, and the patriots thought it better to withdraw than to bring confusion upon Geneva; so amid the tears of wives and children, they departed for Freiburg, through whose faithful devotedness Geneva had been received into the Swiss alliance. Here the Duke sent favorable terms to them, but they showed their trust in his promises by sending to Geneva for their families.

The trials of these Genevese women, the wives of these faithful patriots, were peculiar, and yet a type of the general trials of women in time of tumult. It would have been easier at that time to have accepted terms and enjoyed peace, but it was this very spirit in their ancestors that had brought the yoke; and the patriots chose the strife for right rather than to purchase ease at so dear a rate as the sacrifice of personal independence. During these years of struggle, the women shared the fears and anxieties of those who stood in the midst of the conflict. Their anxiety was the greater because they could do nothing, but must bear and wait. Theirs was the hardest of all

duties—waiting. Then when the crisis came there was the agony of parting—in a time when it might be forever—and again came the torture of waiting—a daily watching and waiting to hear from the dear ones who were face to face with the fate of Blanchet, Navis, Berthelier, Levrier. We dare not deny the heroic part endured by these women; as, day after day they fulfilled the little deeds in the home, when souls burned to go out and free themselves of the burden in action; and when the eventless, silent hours dragged slowly by in tedious weariness, while the anxious ones worked and waited, and the heavy heart ached and groaned. These are the hours of agony which try the soul of woman in the dark day of the world's conflicts.

This agony of suspense was broken when the call came from their husbands to join them at Freiburg, and the Genevese women prepared to leave home with their little ones. It was a break in the night of suspense; and even the new trials were lighter than the torture of waiting. Yet it was a work, the magnitude of which can scarcely be comprehended in an age of railroads and universal travel. There was little traveling done by women, the facilities few, the danger great, and, as D'Aubigne says, such a journey then was equivalent to a journey around the world in these days. In fear, uncertainity, doubt; terrified, nervous, with strange languages on all sides, and the

country in confusion; it is not strange that they wandered through the land "bathed in tears and broken-hearted." The troop of afflicted wanderers finally arrived in Freiburg, destitute of everything, weary and distressed. Their husbands received them, but could find no homes; and these noble ladies, reared in court and palace, wandered about the streets with their helpless children, finding no shelter, not even a stable where they could rest in their exhaustion. They pressed their little ones to their hearts, soothed them with tender words and kisses, and spoke courage to the faltering patriots. The fugitives applied to the council, saying: "We sent for our families—we can neither lodge nor feed them. Permit them to enter the hospital."

Here a shelter was found; and during the weeks of sorrow that followed they cried: "God himself is conducting our affairs!" The Bernese and allied states looked with admiration at the noble sufferers; and as the whole Alliance beheld their firmness, their bravery and their endurance in trial, they united in effort to restore them to home, peace and freedom. After the night came the glad day; and as the joy-bells rang liberty to Geneva, the one thrill of gladness dissipated the terrible grief and anguish that had filled their hearts. The Genevese women reveal to us one phase of that universal trial that comes in the time of disaster, dissolution and destruction.

XIV.

ELIZABETH OF BRUNSWICK.

When Elizabeth of Brandenburg fled from the castle of Cologne, constrained by the persecutions of her Romanist husband, the sorrow and grief of the hour was deepened by the thought that her devotion to the new religion had been betrayed to Joachim by her own daughter. Thoughts of this daughter and her bigoted zeal for the Papacy brought an added bitterness, and made the dark hour more fraught with anguish. It was trying for her, whose soul was so full of the truth of the new faith, and so convinced of the errors and sins of the old, to see her loved daughter so strong in hatred to the true, and so intense in ardor to the false as to hold devotion to it a just cause to break even parental obligations. Elizabeth, the daughter, wife of Eric of Brunswick, was one of those intense, earnest natures, ready to give all for conscience's sake. Her convictions were deep, her spirit fervent, and naturally her every action was dictated by the former and executed with the vigor of the latter. Positive, sincere, faithful, was her character; and nothing vacillating, half-hearted or indecisive, marked her. Trained in early years in the

Roman faith, she gave her whole spirit to its cause; and while we speak of the cruelty in informing the father of the act of worship of his wife, we see beneath it the devotion which Rome exacted of her followers, and it is the conscientious act of one of her zealots. While believing in the Roman Catholic church, she had the spirit of its devotees. Later this same spirit was seen in her adherence to it, and support of it. Her visits to the Castle of Lichtenberg, the castle to which her mother had retired, became a source of trouble to her mother, as she would reveal to the Catholics whatever occurred there that touched upon the cause, and would repeat the conversations of Luther where they would arouse anger. At one period, in this way, she increased the dissensions between the Reformer and George, Duke of Saxony. Even those hours of sadness and loneliness were sadder from thoughts of this daughter in error.

Deep as must have been the grief of the mother, so great must have been her joy when that daughter beheld her error, and, convicted of the truth in Christ, gave the strength and devotion of that strong, ardent nature to the side of right and the cause of the Reformation. True, it was, that although sown in tears, her words and prayers had been blessed, and that now she reaped in joy. Conviction of the truth came to Elizabeth of Brunswick through the constant hearing of the word and argument, suddenly illuminated

by the Holy Ghost. Like Paul, she had been breathing threatening and slaughter, and in the same marvelous manner "there straightway fell from her eyes as it were scales, and she arose and was baptized."

Like Paul, Elizabeth of Brunswick could act only in accordance with conviction and as conscience impelled. She was a strong, positive character, of deep conscientiousness and decided action, and ready to use every power in the cause of her heart. Immediately upon receiving the new faith, she felt it her duty to proclaim it to the world, and to let her actions affirm and conform to the truth and sincerity of her convictions. Accordingly, she sent word to Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, the warm friend of the Reformation, informing him of the change in her heart and the corresponding determination to support the Reformation with all her power; she begs him to send her the preacher Corvinus to help her—she had counted the difficulties, but, trusting in God, is ready to go forward. Philip communicated the news to Elector John, who, remembering her bitter antagonism, rather doubted its truth, but his distrust yielded to joy as he beheld her constancy and zeal.

With the reception of the true faith, she recognized Luther in his real aspect, as a leader of the Reformation and a great soul—"a bringer-back of men to reality," as Carlyle called him. He was revealed to her as the Hero-priest of Carlyle;—"a true great

man; great in intellect, in courage, affection and integrity; one of our most lovable and precious men." She entered into correspondence with him, and mutual words of encouragement were interchanged. To him Elizabeth looked for advice to guide her in aiding the reform. She was in a position where she was able to use influence in this work, for she suffered none of the sad experience of her mother. Her husband, Eric, Duke of Brunswick, although a Catholic, was of a tolerant disposition, and, moreover, had a high regard for the judgment of his wife. To those who complained of Elizabeth's heresy, he responded: "My wife does not interfere with and molest us in our faith, and, therefore, we will leave her undisturbed and unmolested in hers." He showed this perfect confidence in his wife, by leaving the whole government to her upon his death, and granting to her the full control and guardianship of their son, Eric. The Catholics made an effort to secure him, but it proved futile, and he was reared by his mother and trained in Protestant doctrines. Passing through Wittenberg at one period, Elizabeth invited Luther to dine with her, and he was delighted with the proficiency of the boy in Scripture knowledge; but he expressed fears of the influence of Romanism to which he would be exposed in the future. He says to Corvinus: "Continue in importunate prayer in behalf of the young prince, and unceasingly admonish him; for it is to

be feared that, should he have much companionship with our adversaries, he may easily be moved to defection, through their great authority."

Elizabeth united her sovereignty to the Schmalkald league, openly declared in favor of the Reformation, and took decisive steps to establish the faith in her territory. Under her instruction, Corvinus prepared two volumes containing an exposition of the religion, and a catechism based on the Augsburg Confession, so that all the pastors could be informed of the truth. She herself visited the people, examining, encouraging, exhorting. She issued a circular to her subjects urging to persevere in prayer and active faith. Her enthusiastic spirit spread, a firm foundation of intelligence was created; and, within a few years after she undertook the regency, evangelical truth was proclaimed throughout Brunswick—in both sovereignties, Calenberg and Göttingen. The German hymns of Luther were sung, and these were so loved by the people that they became a powerful factor to unite them to the cause.

Later, Elizabeth married Poppo of Huneberg, who had been a Romanist, but having renounced its faith, had written a small book upon the doctrines and truth of the Reformation. Her influence was thus widened and enthusiasm for truth extended into these territories.

Luther's fears for Eric were realized, for when

Elizabeth resigned the government to him, upon his attaining his majority, the work was checked. Her people lamented the end of her wise regency, and she expressed the sentiment of all hearts when in her final words she spoke of gratitude to God for carrying the state through all its difficulties, bringing it to the true light, and establishing true religion in its borders. She gave Eric a letter of love, caution and advice—the document still exists, revealing maternal solicitude and love of truth—but the power and influence offered him by the Catholic party, urging him also to return to the faith of his fathers, lured him into their ranks. Corvinus was imprisoned, and the country, which had been in peace, was involved in misery and brought to the brink of ruin. Elizabeth, forced to depart by his cruelty, breathed forth her agony in prayer and song. Seventeen sonnets written by her at this time exist in MS. in the ducal library of Gotha.

This sorrow endured until her death. She clung with hope to the love of Christ, and had such a grand faith that she looked for triumph, assured that truth crushed to earth shall rise again, and although she did not live to see the great day, hers was the joy of faith, not sight.

Elizabeth of Brunswick could have been a power for good or evil. She held such a position. Although not as Marguerite or Jeanne could she touch

the great ruling influence, still she belongs to a class who have a little circle in which they rule, from which influence radiates to help or hinder truth. It is such an influence as we see in this age, which leads in reformatory movements or charities—a power in society. Elizabeth was just the person to seize all the advantages of her position: she liked power, liked usefulness, was energetic, active, enthusiastic, inspiring. She was true to her power and opportunity—one of the servants who rightly used the five pounds. It is a tribute to her intellect that, even when biased, she perceived truth and knew how to scatter it; to her spirit, that she willed to do the work of God and freely shed the blessing; to her character, that her work was true to that knowledge and spirit.

XV.

THE THREE CATHERINES.

ENGLAND may boast her three Marys, and secular history keep their names and memory alive, yet how much more should sacred annals cling to the remembrance of its three Catherines; for if beautiful character and noble deeds be worthy, in these the latter were among those who excelled. Let us honor the three Catherines of the Reformation! Arising in different spots, they tell that the scenes of conflict belong not alone to Germany, but spread from the snowy caps—"those mile-stones that lead to the city eternal"—of Switzerland, to the rugged, stony crags and peaks of Scotland.

Catherine Shulz was the wife of Matthew Zell, pastor of St. Lawrence church in Strasburg. Her nature was of the stuff of which despots are made. Rule she would, and none dare defy her authority or dispute her ascendency—not even Matthew. Energetic, zealous, cumbering herself, never wearying, never ceasing in labor, she was as truly a Martha as ever lived. What an immense amount of labor she performed! Careful housewives, and all ye hospitable mortals, pause for a moment, and think of the work

of this woman, and surely, in astonished whispers and with bated breath, will come the verdict—"Well done, well done."

The persecuted flocked to pastor Zell for protection, and Catherine did not bid them go, although often remaining for weeks. One night, one hundred and fifty (150) men came from Brisgau to Strasburg, and Catherine opened her doors. She lodged eighty, and for the next few weeks had fifty or sixty daily for meals. Think of providing for such a company for sweet charity's sake! Nor did she allow this labor to interfere with her outside work. The needy, the destitute, the sick, the dying, the dead, those in prison and trial, were her care. She was ever ready to help, and no refugee could but bless her. Worldly pleasure, dress, amusement, were nothing to her, and claimed none of her time.

Peter bids Christ's followers to be clothed with humility, and Paul served the Lord with all humility, yet herein Catherine Zell failed. Hers was not the beauty of unconscious goodness, for she was not in ignorance of her worth. On the contrary, she well knew its full value, nor did she hide that knowledge under a bushel. She preferred the thunder and confusion of the glowing headlight, to the silence of the twinkling star. The catalogue of her virtues was at her tongue's end, and very readily slipped off. She speaks often of her acts, and says: "I have loved the

company of the learned, hence all the pastors and distinguished men testify of their affection and respect for me." It is well (or is it not?) that she could not hear their testimony; could not hear Bucer: "She is head over ears in love with herself," or, "Catherine like all of us is too fond of herself."

Oliver Wendell Holmes says "Conceit is to the human character what salt is to the ocean; it keeps it sweet and renders it endurable." Whether we consider it a virtue or a fault, we know that the good deeds and practical worth of Catherine Zell were great enough to remove our thoughts of it alone, as we accord to her the praise due to a "true Martha" in a time of need.

Catherine Klein has not so much individuality, yet a sweetness of character. From Calvin's words we learn that she is pious, chaste, good and gentle. There is a sharp contrast between this quiet, humble worker, and her more bustling neighbor in Germany. Perhaps it was this contrast—for Calvin abode with both—that made him anxious to procure humility and docility in his own wife. It was in Basle, the house of this woman, that Calvin made his Wartburg in 1734. Here he fled for safety and quietude; here met those eminent men of the Reformation—Capeto, Bucer, Erasmus, Œcolampadius—here translated the New Testament and studied diligently. Catherine loved to listen to him, and tell to others the precious

words he spoke to her. Pious, virtuous, modest, her good deeds are unrecorded: no history relates them; no epic extols them; not even an humble lay sings their praise. Yet we know, from the few words spoken of her, that she was a woman of worth; that there must have been a diffusive happiness, a sympathy and kindness, and that in her lowly life there were deeds of love—that she did her work for the Reformation in Switzerland as heartily as her contemporary in Strasburg.

At the same time, in far-off Scotland, similar occurrences were taking place; and here, too, was suffering and heroic work. Who has not heard of the martyr, Patrick Hamilton? How that in their hatred of him the priests attributed all the disturbances in Scotland to him? How that finally they demanded that the whole family be exterminated; for not until these heretics were removed could Scotland regain peace and obedience to the church! His brother James fled; but honest-hearted, fearless Catherine remained, ready to brave whatever might come.

She was summoned before the king and the priests at Holyrood. The latter, determined to prove her heresy, began to question her: "By what do you expect to be saved?"

And the ready answer came: "By faith in the Saviour, and not in works."

They continued their questioning; and in order to

confuse her, and thus to involve her further, as also to display his learning, one of the canonists began to explain, in theological and scholastic terms, the difference between works of congruity, condignity, and supererogation.

Catherine not only tired, but in aggravation, cried out: "Works here, works there! What signify all the works! There is one thing alone which I know with certainty, and that is that no work can save except the work of Christ my Saviour."

Noble, courageous Catherine, well worthy to be the sister of the martyr! The effect on the court was wonderful. The priests were crestfallen, and the king could not restrain his laughter at their discomfiture.

Nevertheless, Scotland, her beloved native home, with its highlands and glens, could not be a safe abiding place, and she was shortly after obliged to withdraw to France.

XVI.

PAULA AND CLAUDINE LEVET.

As the traveler who has visited noted places and looked upon renowned objects fraught with historic wonder, suddenly chances upon some obscure nook and finds there a legend, a tale of beauty or power, so we come to the simple, quaint story of Paula and Claudine Levet. They are not renowned in annals, yet their lives form a pretty tale; they were full of worthy incident.

John Farel had worked faithfully in Geneva, and, seeing the need of a worker there, he influenced Anthony Froment to start a school, the chief object of which was to spread the Gospel. The plan succeeded; and soon the little talk after the lessons became the principal part, and many came to listen. Paula Levet was among the most enthusiastic of the converts, and declared of Froment: "He talks like an angel." The cause of Christ became to her the dearest aim in life. We know that the feelings of the heart *must* find an outward expression. It is the heart that speaks in our deeds. Deeds are the *children* of thought and feeling, partaking of their peculiarity, and revealing their character.

Paula, heart-full of the wondrous truth, must act in accordance. Her spirit must communicate its wonders to others. Claudine Levet, her relation (their husbands were brothers), lived just across the Rhone, and to her Paula went with the strange news. She besought Claudine to go with her and hear the beautiful words of the schoolmaster at the Croix d'Or. This was not as easy a thing as it is for us to invite our relations or neighbors to go to our worship. Between the faith of Paula and Claudine there was a distinct line, and beyond that to Claudine was the black, horrible chasm of heresy. She was full of superstition, an ardent Romanist, and dared not overstep the border line; yea, even feared to approach it. Much persuasion however, prevailed, and together they wended their way to the place of worship. A strange sight! The high-born Paula of the house of Bourdigny walking peacefully along, happy in faith and hope, and by her side what do we see? Her Romanist sister, fresh rosemary leaves upon her head, bedecked with crosses, relics, beads, and other symbolic mysteries! These are a preventive, an antidote as it were, to ward off heresy. Claudine would not dare to enter the house of heretic preaching unless well guarded against infection by these amulets of the Romish church. Even then a fear filled her heart, and it was only the earnest persuasion of her sister that overruled her indecision.

In the front of the hall, just beyond the preacher, they seated themselves, for Claudine must have a convenient place to mock him and show her scorn. How vivid the scene is! She begins industriously to ply her beads, crossing herself, muttering prayer after prayer, while darting looks of contempt at the preacher. Slowly, more slowly, abstractedly, she continues: finally the beads lie forgotten; the lips cease to move; her eyes have lost their derision; and now, oblivious of all surroundings, she leans forward eagerly to catch the divine message as it falls from the lips of the youthful Froment. The service is over, and all depart. Claudine remains in silence, looking upon the preacher. At length, she speaks: "Is it true what you say? Is it a New Testament? Will you lend it?" With the book concealed beneath her cloak—heresy among the papist charms—she slowly returned home, thinking, struggling, wrestling. Forbidding any to enter, she locked herself in the room to speak to God alone. She was earnest, truthful, and conscientious, and thoughts had been awakened in her be-before unknown. For three days and three nights her spirit fought and battled, but came forth free. Superstition, custom, education, all fell down before conscience and truth. Her soul came to light only through the darkness of agonizing struggle.

She immediately sent for Froment to reveal her happiness. Their meeting was painful in its joy.

Madame Levet could not suppress her tears and sobs, and could only say: "Ah, can I ever thank God sufficiently for having enlightened me!"

Under new bonds, life assumes different responsibilities and demands a new course of action. Madame Levet felt this, but did not shrink from it. She had been excessively fond of dress and display, but in the new life these seemed in discord. All her ornaments were sold, and the money was given to the poor and sent to the evangelical refugees from France. Her changed conduct could not escape comment. The priests were alarmed, and sought to reclaim the wanderer. They were met with Scripture which sent them away condemned. Her husband, Aime Levet, at first looked upon the change with distrust, but seeing the beauty of her life, he too crossed the line and stood by her side, both ready to do God's work as it came to them, while climbing the hill together.

The greatest astonishment, however, prevailed among the Genevese ladies. They looked askance at her, for she was a heretic. Her friends—ladies of rank—could not associate with an apostate, and Madam Levet was forsaken. Still she did not falter, but worked steadfastly, with an eye single to duty. The curiosity of the ladies was awakened; they were unable to account for her strangely altered life. They could not see what had transformed gay Clau-

dine, so fond of lavish adornings, into the unselfish being, so careful of the poor. They drew nearer, and anxious to know the source of the change, accosted her. A kind reception encouraged them, and they visited her, asking her earnestly the cause of her new life.

She gave each a New Testament and urged them to study its contents. The mystery was cleared—how could they have been so blind! Visiting the sick and poor, receiving the exile, carrying the gospel to all, became the work not only of Madam Levet, but of her beloved friends. Her true conversion carried the power of truth to other souls, and led them to its blessing.

The Gospel spread in Geneva. How often must the heart of Froment have turned in thankfulness towards Claudine and Paula Levet! Across the Rhone Claudine always welcomed him. At her home meetings were held. Often, in the absence of Froment, Claudine would read and explain the Scriptures to the hungry listeners. Life did not pass calmly and peacefully with Claudine. Zealous reformers and workers meet persecution. The ardent Romanists, hating Claudine, were fierce in their desire to injure her. They surrounded her house, broke the door of her husband Aime's apothecary shop, and threw out the drugs. In rage they called her names, and exasperated at her calmness, tried to seize her. The fury

increased, and for months Aime languished in prison. Sorrow, trial, grief and woe came to her, for religious liberty was not. We sing of its glory; yet would we know its sublime worth, we should have lived in the dark time of Claudine Levet.

XVII.

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS.

Can it be that a woman in the infamous court of Francis I. had sympathy with so serious a thing as the Reformation? In that court, where Louise of Savoy was the ruling spirit, where intrigue and odious scheming prevailed, where licentiousness was a means to court-favor and a mark of royalty, where modesty and chastity were openly scorned, could a daughter of that same unholy Louise have thoughts of the holy and the good, or a heart that delighted in pure, true religion—and that too, a religion despised and persecuted, the contempt of the court? Yet even so we find Marguerite d' Angouleme. It is something marvelous and scarcely accountable. Although sister of one so weak, wicked and frivolous, that as he lay dying the courtiers cried: "The lady-killer is dying;" although daughter of Louise, a woman so base that she sought to control and influence her son through his passions, although reared in the same court, aye, and the warm friend of the renowned Countess de Chateaubriand, in the court where Diana of Poitiers and Anne de Pisseleu mingled their fierce jealousies—even here, amidst such surroundings and

influences, Marguerite is a friend of the Reformation! It has frequently been said that Marguerite had rare privileges to help the Reformation by her influence in high places, and she has been chided for not being more active and aggressive in the cause; but when we consider her position, we not only check such reproaches, but marvel that any holy or sacred thoughts could have forced their way through the thick, dark cloud of such wicked court influences to the heart of one of its reigning queens—and that one the very nearest to the source of the sin and iniquity.

From earliest childhood, beginning with the early play-days in the old castle at Augouleme, Marguerite received the popular French training of the time. By her side, throughout these years, was her brother Francis, two years her junior; and a deep affection was strengthening an influence for the future monarch who, at this time, tenderly calls his beautiful sister, "my pet, my pearl beyond price." She was passionately fond of study, particularly of the languages, although she mingled poetry, philosophy and divinity with the Latin, Italian and Spanish. At the court, even amidst that glittering galaxy of beauty, she moved a queen, and the fine pen-picture left us confirms the judgment—"dark grey eyes, piercing, deep, imperious—finely formed classical nose—full curved firm mouth, abundant dark hair,—all combined with a stately figure with a royal bearing." She early fell

in love with Charles Montpensier—afterward Duke de Bourbon (which love remained during her life), but for state reasons various other marriages were planned. She was sought for Henry VII. of England, and Charles V. of Spain, but Louis XII. arranged her marriage with Duke D'Alencon, one far her inferior in all noble qualities of heart and mind, with whom there was no affinity, and who finally died in disgrace. Again disappointed of a union with Duke de Bourbon, she was united to Henri D'Albret, seven years her junior, between whom there was much dissimilarity, but there existed one common interest—the amelioration of their subjects.

But after this brief and necessary outline, we turn aside from Marguerite's court-life, to note her connection with the Reformation. We pass by the life in Normandy in the gloomy old ducal palace, the stirring events in her career as the sister of a king, the mother of kings, herself a queen, to that grander, nobler life—Marguerite, as the one hated and feared by the bigoted Sorbonne of France, and loved and revered by the true-hearted reformers.

In the frivolity and wickedness of this court, the deep nature of Marguerite found no satisfaction. In the beautiful castle of Argentan in Normandy, in a resplendent dukedom with brilliant society, that peace of soul she longed for could not be found. The very mockery of the dazzling surroundings, so at

variance with her unrest and happiness, drove Marguerite to seek something *real*, something *true*, something *abiding*. In earlier days, she had sought peace in writing, but the frivolity and reflex wickedness of her world in the Heptameron, did not utter the soul of Marguerite. That these novelles received the applause of the corrupt court proclaims their style, and as the court could not answer the demand of her heart, neither could these. In this utter weariness and unhappy restlessness she turned to the Word of God, and the fresh breeze from the ocean of truth breathed new, quick life into her worn spirit, and with joy she caught the heavenly strains of that world that lies all about us—which we sometimes hear, but are often withheld.

In her court, the venerable Lefevre, ardent Farel, Briconnet, and Roussel were spreading their spirit, caught from the new Reformation light of Germany; and this influence reached Marguerite. It touched the secret restlessness. She read their tracts and conversed with them. Their deep philosophy attracted her, and she listened eagerly to their arguments. The reasoning and truth touched her, and as she listened she learned to sympathize with their views and hopes, while the earnestness and eloquence of Farel and Calvin aroused her enthusiasm. She examined the Scriptures, studied the Gospel, and, in her own words, "the light of the Gospel penetrated

my heart; my eyes were opened," and amidst her horror of sin she felt a new joy, in which she could say:

> "Thou, O my God, hast in thy *grace* come down,
> To me, a worm of earth, who strength had none."

Again, she breaks out in glad song,

> "Though poor, untaught and weak I be,
> Yet feel I rich, wise, strong in Thee."

As the purity and truth of the true religion, as seen in the Bible, penetrated her heart, her eyes were opened to the abuses and corruption of the Roman Church. In December, 1522, she records these significant words in her journal: "By the grace of the Holy Ghost, I begin to recognize the hypocrisy in all its shapes and colors, from which God in his infinite goodness has saved me; for if Jesus Christ be true, this generation is most wicked."

With no passive interest, but active zeal, she turned from the deceit and wickedness of Rome to the purity of Scripture teaching—to the new Reformation light. Dared she avow herself openly? Dared she espouse the cause hated in France? How strong are the bonds around her! There is no harder trial in the world than to stand up in the midst of such an environment, to assert ourselves boldly in a truth that is contrary to the ideas of those about us, yea, against those we love, among whom we have lived and must live, to whom we have bowed for counsel—this is a

fiery test that tries the very heart and reins of a brave nature. This would have been hard for Marguerite, yet her courage would have responded to the crucial test, had her conviction proved its necessity. Marguerite had more than herself to consider. She loved the King, her brother; and his interests were to be weighed, his position to be preserved. Moreover, naturally, she would act with caution. She was the King's sister, summoned to his council, accustomed to diplomacy, respected by foreign princes—but deeper and stronger than all these was her secret conviction, and the hope, too, that the church could be reformed without an outward break. Her idea was to *reform the church without breaking it up.* Her policy, therefore, was in accordance with this hope.

Her situation was trying and extremely precarious; sometimes reposing in the shade of royal protection, at others exposed to the scorching rays of persecution. When it was observed that she had taken the marigold as her symbol, because it followed the sun in its course, typical of the fact that she thus looked to the Sun of Righteousness, and adopted the motto, "I seek not things below," she became the object of secret suspicion. The bigoted Sorbonne were bitter against her, and, at one period, the King was told that if he had a mind to exterminate the heretics, he should begin with the Queen of Navarre. "Let us not speak of her," said he. "She loves me entirely;

she will never believe but what I believe, nor follow any religion prejudicial to my state." Nevertheless, she feigns not, but walks erect in her conviction; and from the year 1523, when the open persecutions of the Lutherans began, she openly declared herself, if not their convert, at least their advocate. Her efforts in their behalf were unceasing and, during the first frightful persecutions of Guise and Louise, she was plunged in bitter sorrow, and protected all in her power, secretly aiding many. Moreover, when by the persecutions of the Sorbonne, her gentle friend Lefevre and other counsellors were removed, how great must have been her trial to retain the faith, standing alone! Loving the King, fearing to offend him or injure his power, longing to help her friends in Christ, we can well understand in her letter, "I must be mixed up with many things I dread,"—this letter so touchingly signed, "your cold-hearted, hungering and thirsting daughter." How great her temptations—her struggle! Tossed to and fro by expectation and disappointment; hoping, longing that the new translation of St. Paul might mean something to Francis and Louise, and then in despair to find it was but curiosity that tempted them to read it—ever watching for new signs of interest, can we doubt that these were trials to wring the heart of the most courageous? Her hopes were useless. What could so deep a thing as the Reformation mean to

such wicked hearts? To them it was but a theological squabble:—what had kingdoms to do with the Word of God? Amidst this influence, persecution and distress, it was difficult for Marguerite to maintain her belief—how much greater the difficulty to actively promote the growth of the Reformation!

Notwithstanding this perilous position, Marguerite's sympathy brought encouragement and comfort to many. Through her friendship for Michael d'Arande, Farel, and fellow-reformers, the word spread and Christians and confessors of Christ arose in the provinces. Throughout the land the thought of Marguerite gave cheer. When one of their number was taken, they cried: "Naigret is seized, but thanks to God, *Madame d'Alencon* is on the spot!" The church looked to her, and the state laid its claim upon her. The statesmen of the age considered her the best head in Europe; the friends of the Reformation thought of her with loving regard; so church and state looked up to her, and in her love for both, she longed to reconcile both, to be true to both, to be at peace with both. To substitute a living Christianity in the place of dead Popery would revive the state and unite her two loved ones, and to this work she wished to win Francis. She appealed to him through his love of scholarship, and he as the "father of letters" welcomed the learned men, even among the Reformers, into his court. Thus she gathered into

the court some of the deep thinkers of the Reformation. Yet, even in the midst of the work, in the midst of the persecution, when the Reformation needed a friend, Marguerite withdrew. She withdrew, however, to render a greater service to the revival of Bible truth and its growth among men.

The battle of Pavia is over, and Francis is a prisoner. Marguerite's soul cries, "Christ, son of God, save, save my brother." Although she cannot actively, personally, directly, promote the Reformation, she can now aid it indirectly by rescuing France from a more dreadful Romanism. When to Charles V., of Spain, the devoted Catholic, it was said, "The French army is annihilated, and the King of France is in your Majesty's hands," he fell on his knees before the Virgin, and hoped *now* to become master of Europe, and sacredly vowed to re-establish, everywhere, tottering Catholicism. If this had occurred, the revival of letters would have been compromised, the Reformation checked, the new ideas buried, and "the whole world would have bowed helplessly between two swords—that of the emperor first, and then that of the pope. A shudder ran through all Europe. At Naples a devout voice was heard to exclaim, 'Thou hast laid the world at his feet.'" The monarch could bind his country from his prison. Who will succeed in removing the threatening storm? Erasmus says, "*Ce bon ange fut Marguerite de Valois.*"

She undertook the labor. As she knew, and to her great grief felt, that the triumph of the plans of the monarch of Spain would ruin her hopes, her aim—the triumph of the Gospel, she bravely resolved to go to Spain, to try personal intercession for the freedom of her brother, and this accomplished, to prevail upon that brother to labor with her in the great Reformation work. Was not the Reformation dear to Marguerite? and did she not prove it with heroism?

At this time France was dreadful to the heretics. "The superstitious Catholics wished to appease heaven by hecatombs for the loss of Pavia," says one historian. Many look for Marguerite to arise, and disappointment is heard that she does not stay the horrible persecution that rages among the followers of Christ. Why does not Marguerite befriend them? She is far away in Spain, where with a brave heart she does a greater work. Yet even in Spain she keeps an eye upon the Reformation in France, and it is through her influence that Francis sends commands to France to arrest the horrors. The bravery, beauty, and eloquence, the ardent perseverance and earnestness of the princess, filled the Spaniards with admiration. Erasmus cried enthusiastically, "How can we help loving, in God, such a heroine, such an amazon!" By this personal intercession, the evil is averted—the catastrophe turned aside.

Marguerite now determined to help the Reforma-

tion openly, and relied on Francis. Her heart beat high with hope that at last her brother had become a co-worker, and that her life-long hope would meet happy fulfilment. Poor heart!—again to bear the anguish of disappointment! Sad days still hovered over her. These were days of trial when Briconnet, Bishop of Meaux, who had been her chief adviser, her spiritual father, stumbled and failed. It is not strange that Marguerite yielded to some of the outward forms of the state religion. For her brother's sake she kept up some of her Catholic duties, but she did not release her hold upon the Reformation, still writing to Calvin, and encouraging his friends. Her religious poems at this time show the sorrows of her tender, devoted soul, and in these she found consolation. Her whole soul speaks its distress and seeks comfort in pouring forth its fulness in writing in the Mirror of a Sinful Soul. Here are found many things contrary to the rites of the Roman Church, for there is "not a word of the saints, nor of the merits of works, confessional indulgences, nor purgatory, nor of salvation except in Christ's blood; nay! the very prayer, 'Salve Regina,' was translated into French applied to Christ." These things incensed the Sorbonne, and they were bold enough to inveigh against her Majesty in their sermons; nay, they carried their impudence so far as to act a comedy in the College of Navarre, wherein the Queen of Navarre was repre-

sented in the shape of a hellish fury. Her book was condemned, and she denounced so severely that she was obliged to appeal to Francis.

In later years, after her marriage with Henry of Navarre, she was able to work a little more openly. Although not thoroughly congenial, Henry and Marguerite had one common interest in the care of their subjects, and to the latter Marguerite spoke of the religion of Christ. In the castle the Bible was read, the Psalms repeated, and here, as throughout her province, the Reformers preached, and the Sacrament was celebrated. She gathered about her, in her court, the intellectual men of the time, musicians, poets, painters; and among them the Reformers moved in peace. The poor looked to her as their friend, and she spread about her the sweet, gentle peace of the life in Christ.

What must we think of Marguerite? Can we not love her for the beauty and loveliness of her character, honor her for her convictions, and yield the tribute of gratitude for her work in the Reformation? She truly was a friend, and wrought as she could. Although in the court of Francis she could not openly protect the Reformers; yet that Paris was always well provided with three of the best preachers in the kingdom, Bertault, Conrault, and Roussel, and that the king was at one time so far persuaded as to send for Melanchthon, and at another examined the New Tes-

tament, demonstrates that there was some good influence at work in the court, doubtless the earnestness of Marguerite. Pleading the causes of the Evangelists, suing her brother for the protection of the heretics and for the encouragement of the Reformers, writing hymns and sending support and sympathy to distressed Christians—all these were worthy efforts of Marguerite. Beyond this there is recorded her personal influence in the court, among the young nobles, attracting many into the paths of the Gospel. Here in the brilliant court, her eye was ever on the alert to discover souls which she could win to her Master. Lords, ladies, men of letters, courtiers, scholars, statesmen, could not turn away, but heard the words from her sweet and gentle lips, kindly saying to them—

"Who would be a Christian true
Must his Lord's example follow,
Every worldly good resign, and
Earthly glory count but hollow;
Honor, wealth and friends so sweet,
He must trample under feet;
But alas! to few 'tis given
Thus to tread the path of heaven."

This secret power, as all secret, silent influence, is deeper, stronger, than any of the overt acts and assistance given to the cause of Christ by Marguerite. Can we fairly estimate her power in the Reformation?

What would have been the sweeping power of Louise had not this sister's entreaty withheld the hand, again, and again, from signing to the "Extirpation of the Lutherans?" Ought we not reverently say with Erasmus, "I know, Madonna, that it is not necessary to excite you by powerful incentives, and that we ought rather to thank you for having protected from the malice of the wicked, men of sound learning, and *all those who love Jesus Christ sincerely.*"

Marguerite has been compared with the great reformer—Calvin. D'Aubigne says: "They resemble each other in their principal features. They both possess faith in the great truths of the Gospel; they love Jesus Christ; they have the same zeal for spreading with unwearied activity the truths so dear to them; they have the same compassion for the miserable, and especially for the victms of religious persecutions." Level, in his old history of 1737, says of her: "Marguerite is a princess of very exquisite parts, whom God had raised to oppose the cruelty and bloody designs of them who exasperated the King against the pretended heretics."

Erasmus says, "He hath given her prudence worthy of a philosopher, chastity, modesty, piety, invincible strength of mind, and a marvelous contempt for the vanities of the world." Cardinal Wolsey in seeking her for Henry VIII. thinks, "There is not in

Europe a woman worthier of the crown of England than Marguerite of Valois." We place a more glorious crown upon her worthy brow—a chaplet woven of love, gratitude, honor, and in sweet remembrance say, "Worthy of love art thou, O pearl of pearls—rare Marguerite."

XVIII.

RENEE, DUCHESS OF FERRARA.

When the great and powerful step over to a weak and unpopular cause, they give to that cause a strong influence; but, at the same time, they bring to themselves perils, trouble, risk, and danger. History speaks this truth, and even a casual glance at current events confirms it.

Renee was not only noble in social rank, but a royal princess, daughter of Louis XII., niece of Francis I. of France and his talented sister Marguerite, one whom Wolsey looked upon as a desirable queen for Henry VIII., wife of one of the renowned patrons of the revival of letters. Such a one would doubtless be a valuable aid to the Reformation, but that aid could be given only with difficulty.

Her parents died while she was but a child, and she was educated under the supervision of Francis and Marguerite, in the Romanistic French court. Here many circumstances influenced her to incline toward the Reformers. In the first place she had an intense hatred for the tiara, for state reasons, so that she was more susceptible to its evils. She was a hard student, even more so than Marguerite, and penetrated to

greater depths, not only in language but in astronomy, theology, and then fashionable astrology. Accordingly, she was an ardent admirer, almost worshiper, of the learned; and the ignorance of the priesthood, brought in contrast with the intellect and culture of the Protestants, won her admiration for the latter, while it increased her disgust for the former. Then there were the brutal scenes, common spectacles in Paris, the character of the priests and popes, that aroused her sympathy and contempt. Marguerite, it may be imagined, would not fail to impart some of her deep spirituality and her heretical views to her young niece, which, however, took a more practical turn in the latter than the mysticism of the former. All these things spoke to the reason of Renee, and so through conviction she leaned toward the Reformation.

Her marriage dissolved the delightful companionship of Marguerite and Renee, and the young princess became Duchess of Ferrara and departed for Italy. She, a woman who Beza says "was called to the practice of purest holiness," was mated with the son of the brilliant, yet infamous Lucretia Borgia! Hercules, as the rest of his illustrious family, was a lover of the fine arts, a most liberal and enthusiastic patron—one of the foremost in the revival of letters in the sixteenth century. In the beautiful "diamond palace of Ferrara," Renee, despite a physical deform-

ity, was a most brilliant ornament; for her wondrous eye, her inexpressible beauty of manners, and her dignity, made her most attractive. Here there was a gathering of the learned, of the talented, of much genius. She took advantage of the patronage of such personages, to gather around her, under cover of patronizing the learned, the friends of the Reformation, and her native French. Here Calvin visited her, and that firm friendship which lasted until his death was formed. He frequently preached in her private apartments, and services were held occasionally in the palace.

This happiness was but the calm before the storm. The pope, hearing of Renee's support to the Reformation, remonstrated with the duke; and as a result, the French were banished from the territory, and Renee ordered to renounce. She remained firm, and letters from Calvin strengthened her. Other assaults were made. She was confined as a prisoner, and threatenings overwhelmed her with grief. Her children were taken from her and placed in a nunnery. Her happiness was turned to sorrow. Finally she yielded and was released. Great sorrow spread among the Reformers, who loved her and relied upon her, and Calvin was deeply grieved. Their sorrow was removed soon, when they were assured that she had but consented to be present at the performance of the Roman Catholic services, but not to participate in them, nor at the rejection of the new faith.

Hercules died, and for a time there was freedom; but on account of persecution, she was obliged to retire to the Castle of Montargis. Here, probably, her connection with the Reformation was the strongest and most helpful. She openly professed her belief, and worked energetically to help her distressed friends. The French and the Reformers flocked here, and formed a little village of worshipers, with regular services and perfect freedom of devotions. She read the Bible in French to her subjects, and cared for their physical welfare. So noted was the work that the castle was called Hotel Dieu. Would that the last days of this noble, devoted princess might peacefully end, that she might continue her precious work in tranquillity!

This was made impossible through the persecutions of the Duke of Guise—that man so ignominiously connected with St. Bartholomew's Eve and the Huguenot massacre. This son-in-law of Renee became her persecutor. Again and again he attacked the village, killing the Protestants even while at prayer, and demolishing their property. Renee, in her womanhood, her old age, her nobility, received his harsh words and insults. At length, he sent a troop of horse against the castle, and the commander announced that he "would batter down the castle if she did not expel the Protestants." Threatened to be rendered homeless, with quiet dignity the vener-

able, noble, royal Renee replied: "Consider well what you propose to do. If you come, I will be foremost in the breach, and will try whether you will have the boldness to kill the daughter of a king. If you should commit such a deed, heaven and earth will avenge her death on you and on all your line, even on the very children in their cradle." The Duke dared not brave her denunciation; and his courage, not his brutality, failed. She was obliged, however, to break up her worshiping village, and contented herself with supplying food for three hundred refugees, sending with them wagons and coaches and horses.

It is most sad to think that after a life of struggle to maintain and enjoy her religious freedom, still the realization of such a dream failed just as it seemed nearest its fulfilment. Whenever we contemplate such lives of struggle and final disappointment, or even accidentally stumble upon them, we cannot but feel a melancholy, a sadness. It is commonly said that their life was "a failure," but it is not so. God counts the heart's efforts, and the struggles, be they ever so vain. Renee, Duchess of Ferarra, most truly labored; and although her latest days saw no visible results, we know that her life was noble, heroic, and not void of good, for its influence still lives. How many souls were cheered and strengthened, how many tried hearts led to the source of strength,

through the gentle instrumentality of this devoted disciple, is not recorded in human annals. The success of her life is not measured by her own portion of happiness, nor by the record of good deeds, but by that secret stream of blessing which flowed for the healing of many, through her influence—and this blessing is immeasurable. A soul, too, that could stand for the truth and its defense amid danger and persecution, must have in it true elements of greatness.

XIX.

OLYMPIA MORATA.

SISMONDI says of Italy at the close of the sixteenth century, that if any piety existed at all, it was to be found among the female part of the population. Another historian, Folengius, says, "In our age we behold the admirable spectacle of women having their minds deeply imbued with the knowledge of heavenly doctrine—the most learned preacher may become more learned and holy by a single conversation with some women. I would dilate with much pleasure on the many proofs which I received of an unction of spirit and fervor of devotion in the sisterhood, such as I have rarely met with in the most learned men of my profession." At this period Italy was the seat of all learning, culture and art. The Renaissance was the prelude to the Reformaton, and Dante, Petrarch, Boccacio, Savonarola, were the voices crying of the new day, forerunners of the new kingdom of light about to be ushered in. Florence and Rome luxuriated in the magnificence of art, and still breathed beauty in the spirit of Angelo and Raphael. Pagan magnificence reigned in court and palace, and brilliant men and women mingled in gay-

ety and witty social life. The house of Medici was the controlling power and centre of this influence, and it was reflected in the palace of Hercules of Este at Ferrara, which vied with Florence in the arts. This was the court in which Renee the duchess moved, encouraging the Reformation through the assistance to its leaders as men of letters. In this brilliant society the women were also noted for their learning—writers of poems and letters, those whose words were listened to as words of counsel and wisdom, and who shone, not only in beauty and brilliancy, but as inspirers and helpers. In this court at Ferrara, the court of Renee, is one more learned than herself—one gifted, beautiful, intellectual, good—Olympia Morata, the young instructor of Renee's oldest daughter Anne.

Olympia Morata, born in Ferrara, 1526, is called "l'une des femmes les plus savantes de son siécle." She was the daughter of Fulvio Peregrino Morata, a professor who had met Curio, the eloquent preacher of the true faith in Italy, and from him had learned the new thoughts. Olympia was trained to scholarship by this devoted father, and also at the same time imbibed from him the deep and true faith in Christ and the Gospel. In the home of Renee, the duchess, where Reformers and scholars freely mingled, there the faith of Olympia went on from strength to strength and spread its light. True to her inner convictions, she could not but spread their sentiment.

In this learned court, the brilliant young scholar and enthusiastic lover of the reformed religion taught in peace and harmony, until the suspicions of the Pope led to the suppression of the encouragement of the new ideas, and the cruel persecution of their advocates. So vigorous were the measures for the destruction of heresy, that all "former severities were but child's play compared with its violence." Olympia was included in this condemnation, and was estranged from the family of Hercules. She would have suffered much, but having married a German professor, Grunthler, they fled to Germany, limiting her sentence to banishment. Grunthler was also a believer, and so devoted were these two to the truth, that although a position was offered to him in the academy at Lintz, an offer appealing strongly to them in their poverty and distress, still it was declined because its great advantages could never atone for the loss of liberty of belief. To show the spirit of adherence to truth even in the face of advantage, read a portion of Olympia's response to the letter offering this post under the Austrian government: "Your letter was received with joy, but one scruple only arrests us. Without freedom it is impossible for us. You are not ignorant that we have voluntarily enrolled ourselves under the banner of Christ. The oath we took is sacred. Our resolution is firm not to assist in Catholic ceremonies." This was truly the

spirit which seeks first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

A professorship opened to him at Schweinfurt, and here Olympia renewed her studies. She excelled in the languages, and could respond with ease in Latin and Greek. At this time, while pursuing these severe studies and writing poems and essays, she carried on a large correspondence with the Reformers and the persecuted Christians in Italy, sending letters of cheer, of hope, of comfort and strength, to her companions enduring the trials of persecution. She closely watched the progress of the spreading faith, and wrote such full, accurate, animated, truthful letters that they bear in them a history, and give quite a definite idea of the aspect of the Reformation in Italy. This is a very useful and noble work in this crisis. Olympia was not allowed peace and the pleasure of writing here. The place was besieged by German princes, and confusion and horror raged. Olympia assisted her husband to escape, as his danger was greater, and after hiding in a cellar for several days, she also escaped with difficulty, "hair dishevelled, feet bare and bleeding, in a single garment, a queen of beggars." All her writings, poems and manuscript essays, together with her library, were destroyed. The Elector Palgrave gave her husband a place in the University of Heidelberg, and her literary friends united in sending her books to replace

the loss. The shock of that dreadful siege and escape had been too great for one already worn out with trial and adversity. A lingering illness followed, in which she displayed a sweetness of disposition and a strength of faith and truth; and in 1555, at the early age of twenty-nine, the gifted, the bright, but tried and suffering Olympia Morata died. Many of her poems, which she repeated to Curio from memory, were published by him after her death. There were Latin and Greek poems, a paraphrase of the Psalms, but her chief literary usefulness is in the letters reflecting the spirit and condition of the times.

Olympia Morata has now a name in the Reformation. What is the place given to her? It is not such as that of her cotemporary and friend, Renee, to spread the Gospel light and increase the strength of its growth by the influence and power of position and material assistance; neither is it that of Katherine Von Bora, or Idelette de Bures, or Anna Reinhard, to assist the great leaders by personal tender sympathy and encouragement; nor yet that of Anne Askew, to pass through martyrdom and death. The work of Olympia resembles more nearly the work of woman of the nineteenth century—that of a moral force to quicken, lighten, cheer and spur others in a great cause. To the strugglers in Italy she wrote letters full of love and strong words; and through these she sought to help others. To her friend, the Princess

Lavinia, she wrote: "I beg you to read this letter to Vittoria, exhorting her by precept and example to honor and confess God; read also along with her the Holy Scriptures. Entreat my dear lady L. to peruse frequently a portion of them, and so she will experience the efficacy of the Word of God." There are many signal passages in these letters showing the sincerity of her mind. She says: "All false opinions, all errors, all disputes, arise solely from not studying the Scripture with sufficient care." "Never consider who the person may be that speaks to you, but examine whether she speaks the words of God or her own words; and, provided the Scripture and not the authority of man be your rule, you will not fail to discover the path of duty." In this manner she spread the influence of an earnest and a noble spirit.

Moreover, she has an added influence in the insight into the life of the time which she has left us. She herself in her own character is a living witness of the state of society at that period—a type of the learned, cultured lady from the circle of the Medici, and also an example of the power of the Gospel even under such influences. She was learned, and first began to appreciate the sacred writings through her love for the old Fathers. At first, she said, "There is no greater treasure than wisdom." Later her changed heart humbly said, "I considered myself wise because I was learned in the books of this world,

until my eyes were opened to see the deep ignorance and forgetfulness of true wisdom, which alone is worthy; and almost I would have lost the God-like in my pride of wisdom." In this pursuit of scholarship she still held her love for Christ as the most precious attainment. Amidst hardest griefs, borne for the sake of that love, she still held it as "better to suffer with the Lord, than without him to possess the whole world." She writes in a beautiful faith: "For eleven years has the enemy not a day left off his temptations to turn me from the true faith, but now he appears to have shot all his arrows, and I find nothing in my heart but the peace of Jesus Christ." This was shortly before her death. It is not strange that the historian records: "Sie ist eine der seltensten und shönsten Blüthen von Baum des Evangelium in Italia."

Among the Reformation annals the name of Olympia Morata is found; among the factors in its growth let her place be given—a place peculiarly her own. Although politically she is not known, nor as one amidst the struggle and terror of the conflict and strife, yet she lives among the blessed number who make the world's cares and trials easier by sympathy among those who, while passing through fiery trials for the sake of truth, still reach forth a tender help to a fellow-sufferer; she is one who is at once a comfort and an inspiration—one who, whispering the gentle

word of solace, utters the earnest word for the onward struggle. Rahel Varnhagen von Ense will be known as long as Carlyle's essays continue their quickening, fertilizing, developing power; yet she did nothing great, wrote nothing beyond personal letters, was never brought among the active events of the world, nor into prominence or distinction. Notwithstanding, her influence was of a marvelous kind, touching the great soul of Jean Paul, quickening the genius of Goethe; and this power among thinkers was greater in inspiration than any daring deed or great act could have been. She remains for all ages as one gifted above all others in this secret, subtle power of awakening a spirit and thought in others—the power of inspiring; she is the ideal type of a host of women who live in the world to make it greater and better by rousing thoughts and emotions in others—one peculiarly gifted with this gift peculiar to womanhood.

Olympia Morata had a quality all her own and a work single to her. She had not the open influence of the powerful, but aided the spread of the kingdom in individual hearts, if not over the great world. Some of earth's great ones extend goodness throughout the earth and work with power to the ends of it; but just as great—though it be not so broad—is that gift to speak goodness to the individual heart. Olympia Morata is among these of earth's worthy ones. Such a sweet influence was she to the hearts

of the women of Italy, to souls tried amid persecutions, tried for the sake of that religion which was to them precious as light, for it had illumined the darkness of Romanism.

Amid all the hurry and whirl of the material world, when only deeds of glory, or great actions, can catch the notice of the rushing mass of the eager pursuers of gain, a life of quiet influence, even though it bear an under-current of secret power, speaks not in tones to be heard above the roaring mäelstrom of present, engrossing action. Through all its din and clangor, the hushed profundity of secret, silent force is seldom contemplated; yet, nevertheless, this is an influence which lives and works forever. The influence of such a life has entered into things eternal, has become a part of them. This secret power of inspiration is an eternal thing, and will live in its solemnity throughout an eternity which belongs not to the acts, however significant, of passing time. Men have labored and and struggled and made for themselves great things, yet all passes away, nor shall any voice awake from it in the ages. A humble life, breathing help to humanity, one thought to another, has scattered eternal seed. This life of Olympia Morata will utter this truth far into the future.

XX.

JEANNE D'ALBRET.

It is said that every man's failure is a stepping-stone to another man's success. One feels the philosophy of the assertion when visiting the Patent Office in Washington. We see there the thousand schemes of men's brains which have never resulted in anything—some even appear to be queer freaks of half-demented minds—and it seems a sad thing that these dreams and hopes have brought nothing but failure. Yet these failures have counted in the progress of the age. Mrs. Browning says:

> "Be sure no earnest work
> Of any honest creature, howbeit weak,
> Imperfect, ill-adapted, fails so much,
> It is not gathered as a grain of sand
> To enlarge the sum of human action used
> For carrying out God's end."

And so the poor, feeble idea in these follies has been a grain of sand to make up the sum in the full, rounded, complete action. Others have caught the germ of the idea and developed it farther, and this has created a better foundation for another, until, finally, the failures have revealed the lurking truth to

the mind of a genius, who, building upon failure, has attained success. In crowning success, let us give to the failures the due tribute, and acknowledge even imperfect work for the sake of the earnest effort. So, in a great cause, some are not permitted to stand forth as bold champions of truth, but by their attempts, although failures, to reach perfect independence in action, they have cut down the brush at the foot of the mountain, and opened the way for others to stand on the summit.

This was an added power to the work of Marguerite de Valois, by which her influence lived in the broader life of her daughter, Jeanne d'Albret. Marguerite could not stand upon the heights in the free air, but Jeanne could never have risen to such an altitude of power had not her mother, Marguerite, cleared the path for her to walk in, and opened the possibilities for power and effort for her to use. Without the work of Marguerite, the work of Jeanne would have been impossible. Marguerite had to contend against the wicked influences of the infamous court of Louise of Savoy, and Jeanne against the intrigues of the scheming Catharine de Medicis. Yet the mother had purchased a freedom for the daughter, who also had the wise guardianship of her noble and spiritual mother. The early years of Jeanne were free from this influence, for although Francis used every effort to secure court training for her, Marguerite knew its

dangers, and shielded her child from the dreadful contact, and surrounded her with Christian teachers.

An event in the early life of Jeanne shows the power that binds the royal princess, and her helplessness. When but twelve years old she was married to the Duke of Cleves, he departing to continue his wars, she to complete her education. At the time Jeanne entered public and private protestations against the marriage; and when three years later the Duke made a dishonorable treaty, she again denied its claims, when the Pope annulled the decree. In 1548, at the age of twenty, she was married to Philip of Vendome, elder brother of Conde of Huguenot renown, who was nearest the throne next to the issue of the reigning King of France.

During her childhood and young womanhood, Jeanne lived with her mother at Bearn. Under her influence and the combined power of the sweet companionship with her and Renee of Ferrara, and the instructions of Roussel, she perceived the beauty of the new religion, and was inclined to receive it. She did not then cast off the old religion, however, and not until after the death of her father does she come out boldly as a believer and an advocate. We see the wise policy of her action in a letter written a few days after her coronation, and we catch another glimpse of the suffering Marguerite. She writes to a Reformer: "Well do I remember that the king, mon-

sieur my honored father and lord, hearing that the queen, my mother, was engaged in prayer in her own apartments, with the ministers Roussel and Farel, entered and dealt her a blow on the right cheek, while he soundly chastised me with a rod, forbidding me to concern myself with matters of doctrine; the which treatment cost me many bitter tears, and held me in dread until his decease. At the present moment, however, free by his demise, two months ago, and incited by the example of my cousin the duchess of Ferrara, it seems to me that reform is as reasonable as it is necessary; so much so that I deem it disloyal cowardice toward God, toward my conscience, and toward my people, to halt longer in suspense and perplexity."

Jeanne had firm conviction of the truth, but her fine womanly tact and wisdom, the old directions of her thoughtful mother, forbade her entering at once into the cause. For five years she held aloof, while Antoine, her husband, was full of zeal, and not only refused to attend the Papal ceremonies, but ostentatiously attended the Reformed worship, established by Marguerite at Pau. His religion, however, was the quickly-kindled flame which blazes forth, and dies when fanned by an adverse wind; and when his kingdom was threatened, he hastened to accept the flattering promises of the Roman Catholics, deserting not only the religion he had so ardently served, but the wife who nobly refused to yield or accept terms.

The very catastrophe that shook the feeble faith of the weak Antoine drove Jeanne to active alliance with the defenders of the Reformation, and a firmer, more trusting faith in God. When Pope Paul IV. invested Philip II. of Spain with the sovereignty of her ancestral dominion, Navarre, she formally embraced Calvinism, and arrayed herself on the side of the Reformation, prepared to contend for both. The work of woman is generally a silent influence; but here we see a woman in the Reformation, boldly standing up amid all its terror and struggles, bravely choosing its conflicts, sustaining her part valiantly—a hero in the strife, with all the true heroism, fearless courage, and intrepid valor of a hero. Jeanne was high-spirited, and of that brisk nature that demands action; and having espoused the cause, she prepared to defend it. She rode about her dominions, levying troops, fortifying cities, strengthening garrisons, and, at the same time infusing life and enthusiasm into her soldiers by her inspiring presence and encouraging words.

Antoine, the unworthy brother of that brave defender of the faith, Conde, worked bitterly against her. Catharine de Medicis urged her to attend the mass at least, to soften his anger and retain the kingdom for her son. To this proposal she cried, "Had I my kingdom in one hand, and my son in the other, I would throw them both into the depths of the sea,

rather than go to mass." Surrounded by spies, threatened with seizure and imprisonment, she was obliged to call upon Conde and the Huguenots for protection. Antoine was wholly under the influence of the Guises; yet notwithstanding the plots and hatred of this party, Jeanne remained safe under the protection of the Huguenots, and was vigorous in aiding reformers in various sections, in rescuing the persecuted in Bearn, and spreading the truth among her subjects. She was freed from these persecutions, and her son restored to her, at the death of Antoine, who, upon his deathbed, returned to his early convictions, and died professing faith in the truths of the Reformation.

Jeanne was now able to act more independently, and determined to establish the reformed religion in her territory. She issued her celebrated edict abolishing the Roman Catholic worship, and adopting the Calvinistic faith. A second edict provided for schools to teach the Reformed doctrines, and a third destroyed images and idolatry. She sent to Geneva for the famous minister, Sieur Merlin, and for twenty others, to instruct her subjects. The Papal legate of Navarre wrote a protestation, but she wrote and published a reply, defending her actions, which was so renowned for its brilliancy and eloquence that universal admiration was accorded to it. Rome saw and feared the power in Jeanne. A prosecution was

raised, and she was summoned to Rome to answer the charge of heresy—the summons to be disregarded at the risk of losing "her royal dignity, kingdom, principalities, sovereignties and possessions." Nothing awed, Jeanne appealed to France, which concluded that the Pope was taking too great authority over crowned heads, and reminded his holiness that the consequences of proceeding to extremities with the Queen of Navarre would be to re-open civil war. Jeanne kept on in her course undisturbed, sending forth edicts and inflicting penalties upon those rejecting the established religion. This action has been condemned, but Jeanne was bitterly persecuted, and her nature was ardent even to extremes, especially under provocation. The Romanists kept her kingdom in dissensions, but her character rose to every occasion; for with her profound conviction, mental energy, and persistent effort, she combined endurance, courage, faith, hope, and worked on never faltering.

Her broad sympathies led her to help the cause outside of her own dominion. A civil and religious war now raged in France—it was just previous to St. Bartholomew's day—and the clouds muttered ominously. At first Jeanne stood aloof, but her spirit was aroused and kindled, and she resolutely joined the Huguenots, under Conde. This involved sacrifice. Her small kingdom of Navarre, situated on the borders of France and Spain, was contested ground, and a peculiarly open

field for war and invasion. "The loss of the crown of Navarre and of his ancestral possessions to her son, exile and poverty to herself, were the price she might have to pay for her heroic devotion;" nevertheless she sends word that she will join Conde at Rochelle, writing, "I have openly engaged to follow the profession of the Reformed faith, and to peril my crown, my dominion, and my son, to insure its public exercise, and the safety of all its professors. You, who like myself are firmly built up in the faith, must set an example of fortitude and resignation. The eternal God rejects the weak and faint-hearted. The blessed hour is at hand when those who are of Israel must risk the loss of earthly goods to build temples wherein God may be adored in spirit and in truth."

The cause calls her. After taking the sacrament in her chapel at Nerac, she set out to meet Conde, attended by her son and daughter, and fifty knights. Passing through towns and villages, her courageous spirit spread, and troops gathered from all sides. She eluded the spies of Queen Catherine, and entered Rochelle on horseback amid great enthusiasm. The mayor and magistrates met her and gave her the keys of the town. At a council, the command of the army was given to her son Henry, and she undertook the government of Rochelle and the neighboring province, together with the financial affairs of the war. With a firm hand and wise counsel she guided

and controlled. A greater work was still demanded. The battle of Jarnac was fought, and Conde was dead. The whole army was in despair and disorder. Jeanne wept bitterly; but shaking off her distress, she arose in heroic determination, fearing to falter in the hour of peril. She hastened to the stricken army at Cognac. Riding up and down among the soldiers, her son, the Prince of Navarre, on one side, and the son of the dead Conde on the other, she called upon all loyal hearts to rise to action. They gather in a circle about her, hailing her with enthusiasm, and a new spirit spreads through the camp. D'Aubigne extols her influence over the Huguenot soldiery, and as Jeanne rode among them in her beauty and bravery, her clear voice ringing out in words of cheer and help, it is not strange that a new will possesses them, and a new courage wakens in drooping hearts; and as a new spirit is breathed, aided by her counsel they move onward with new ardor. Thus Jeanne stood in the midst of the storm and strife in the Reformation.

In her home province, her careful measures and wise provisions began to show in the welfare of the people. She had the New Testament translated for the use of her subjects. She continued the work of her mother in opening schools, colleges and hospitals. Beggary and crime, poverty and drunkenness, were suppressed, and art, science and literature were culti-

vated. The general condition of the people was greatly elevated and improved. Says Felice, "Even now, at the end of three centuries, the people of Bearn pronounce the name of the *good queen*, who so greatly raised the prosperity of their country, with an affectionate veneration."

This bold defence of her faith rejected all papal superstitions in the hour of death. Although in Paris, and with Catherine, she ordered their removal, saying, "I believe that Christ is my only Saviour and Mediator, and I expect salvation through no other."

"The good queen" won a three-centuries' veneration by being true to the elements of heroism that were inherent in her nature. It is well that succeeding nations recognize it, and that their souls are stirred to vaster issues by that veneration. It is a great good that the world recognizes nobility of character, and bows before it. It is, as Carlyle says, "a fact inexpressible; the most solacing fact one sees in the world at present. There is an everlasting hope in it for the management of the world. Had all traditions, arrangements, creeds, societies, that men ever instituted, sunk away, this ('hero worship') would remain. The certainty of heroes being sent us; our faculty, our necessity, to reverence heroes when sent: it shines like a pole star through smoke clouds, dust clouds, and all manner of down-rushing and conflagration."

XXI.

THE WOMEN OF SPAIN.

What did the Reformation bring to the women of Spain? In the foremost files of time, holding in our hands the riches of the ages, we look backward to that day of woe, knowing that to it we owe our enlarged existence. Nearer to that crowning race that shall stand eye to eye with knowledge, from the summits of a higher life we see and acknowledge our greater light as born out of deep darkness. To us the Reformation has brought freedom from the bonds which barbarous ages had laid upon womanhood, and, no longer appointed to degradation and ignorance, knowledge and usefulness quicken to a nobler life. Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed, and, as the free woman dips into its waters, drinks deep, the habits of the slave, the sins of emptiness, gossip, spite and slander die, and the heart responds—"Better not be at all than not be noble." Enlarged womanhood rises from the narrow life of the fettered slave, and as the fields broaden, and life, in its aim, work and power, approaches the ideal time of St. Paul, when there is neither male nor female, but all are one in Christ, she stands erect as God designed

her, working with free hand and heart for the progress of good in the world. What has the Reformation brought to us? All that gives the wider outlook, the broader forehead, the swifter vision, the nobler action, the universal sympathy, has been brought by the Bible light of the Reformation day. What did it bring to the women who lived in the day of its dawning, who sat within the shadow of its greatness? Aye, they stood too near its dark night to know its glory, too near its greatness to enjoy its blessings. The darkest hour is before the dawn, and the dweller upon the rocky steeps knows naught of the beauty and grandeur of the mountain. So the women who lived too near the Reformation were unconscious of its power to bless the outer life. To them it brought the same inner life of strength and joy in Christ, but also a grief unutterable, woe immeasurable, darkness, death. To the women of Spain it brought the agony and terror of the Inquisition, the torture of the rack, the shame of the *auto da fe*, and the horror of the stake.

That the Bible ever found its way into bigoted Roman Catholic Spain, shows its power to penetrate darkness. When Luther's writings crossed the mountains and began to spread among the people, the Church reached forth an iron hand to crush those irresistible writings which were scattering the truth broadcast throughout the kingdom. Still the truth

found eager acceptance until, as M'Crie says, "Perhaps there never was in any other country so large a proportion of persons, illustrious either for their rank or their learning, among the converts to a new and proscribed religion." It so won the scholars of Spain that Valera says it is a common proverb to speak of a learned man as in danger of being a Lutheran.

Here was hope for the future prosperity of Spain, yet she knew it not;—here was the tide which taken at the flood might have led on to fortune, but, omitted, all has since been bound in shallows and in miseries. Spain did not recognize the day when the angel of the Lord passed over the land to help her.

Superstitious, bigoted Spain, awoke every energy to crush the spreading heresy. Notwithstanding guard and penalty, the Bible in the vernacular found its way, concealed amid goods, through the guarded ports. But it *must* be stopped, and the Inquisition was called upon to do it. Its dread power created terror on all sides, and multitudes fled into Germany, Switzerland, Holland. It seized thousands, grinding as to dust, with torture, fire, the lash, the galleys. Can we doubt that many turned again to the Church for safety, and that multitudes hid their faith in their hearts, conforming to the observances of the Church? Still we have the record of brave hearts. It seems incredible that a nation in the sixteenth century could use such practice, and that other nations of enlightenment and

civilization would suffer the inhumanity of a barbarous age to exist among them. But the world was in a state of transition, confusion, internal disorder, irruption, change; and each land gazed upon its own shame and sorrow. Yet none is dyed in so deep a disgrace as Spain.

> "In the chronicles of Spain,
> Down the dark pages runs this stain,
> And naught can wash them white again,
> So fearful is the tragedy."

A tragedy—for the sake of a belief! Among the Christian evidences we read that shown by the death of the disciples. The disciples were persecuted for a belief—they would never have held to it had it been only an opinion, for no man will die for an opinion. So the suffering or death of every martyr is an evidence of the truth of Christ—every sacrifice proclaims a faith dearer than life, and speaks of the secret power of that faith. Deep must have been the conviction, and strong the faith in those Spanish women, suddenly seized and thrust into cells like graves. Says M'Crie, "Nothing can be conceived more frightful than the situation of the individual immured in them, left as he is in conjecture; shut out from every kind of intercourse with his friends; denied even the consolation of conversing confidentially with the person to whom his defense has been entrusted; refused all use of books; afraid if he has a fellow-prisoner

for a few days to do more than exchange salutations with him, lest he should be confiding in a spy; threatened if he hums a tune, and especially a sacred one, to relieve his languor; plunged during the rigor of the winter months in total darkness for fifteen hours of every day in an abode that never saw the blaze of a fire; and, in fine, knowing that if ever he should be set free, he must go out to the world lost forever in public opinion, and loaded with an infamy heavier than that of the pardoned assassin or parricide." Add to these the worriments of the priests, expostulations, passionate appeals, all that the human heart most fears or feels, the hurried trial in darkness and mystery, the cruel ordeal of torture by rack or pulley, and the final public execution. Whilst we shudderingly turn from such horrors, "none of which," says Llorente, "can be accused of exaggeration," and while we veil our faces in shame that such cruelty and shamelessness could exist in the human race, to which we belong, yet as we think of the brave hearts and loyal natures who endured, we raise our eyes again in gladness that in that same human race there lives truth and courage and a heroism that meets all things for truth's sake. Such steadfast courage restores our faith in the divine existing in the human. To these women of Spain, who stood erect, firm in faith amid storm and disaster, we bow in reverence, and as the thought of their evil day sends a quiver of pain through our

hearts, we silently bless them for their greatness in that sorrow—a sorrow too sacred for words, too deep for tears.

Spain withstood the mighty force of the Reformation. With power it swept over the world and changed the face of things—the life of nations, the character of the people. Haughty Spain boasts the triumph that Catholicism won over heresy, and to-day rejoices in the firm establishment of the Roman Catholic religion. Yea, the truth grows not in wickedness; and as it withdrew from Spain, to what has it left the nation? Spain spurned truth, and what has she chosen? The result is the just reward. Spain, rich in native wealth, with a third of the world in her possession, has become poor. "Every street in Salamanca swarms with sturdy beggars and vagabonds able to work. With a soil which by its extent and fertility is capable of supporting an equal number of inhabitants, the population of Spain is not one-half that of France." Poverty has followed the narrowed life of religion with no deep conversion or conviction. What is the effect on national character? Superstition or bigotry, hypocrisy or infidelity, reigns in the heart and speaks in the life; and no great heroes, no great deeds, no great literature, no great art, redeems the land from utter insignificance. To those who love darkness rather than light, the sun veils its beauty and benefice, the light and all its blessings.

Spain boasts of having extirpated the Reformed religion from her territory, but she has little reason to congratulate herself on the consequences of her blind and bigoted policy. She has paid and is still paying for her folly and crimes by the loss of civil and religious liberty with all their manifold blessings, and in the degradation to which she has sunk among the nations. Individually, the mistake of Spain is made by many. From this leaf of history let the individual learn that the only broad, true, heroic life lies in a true choice of the guiding principle.

XXII.

LEANOR DE CINEROS.

THE extremity of the means which Spain used to stay the rising flood of the Reformation truth shows the degree of her hatred and fear of it. It was the intense hatred begotten of fear. Rage and superstition are lawless leaders; and once in the whirl of persecution, the blinded nation knew not its own madness. There was insanity in the freaks venting its frenzy. Even the dead were not sacred from the profane touch of passion, for hatred so consumed every germ of reverence that death and the grave set no barrier to the headlong fury of Spain. Leanor de Vibero was dead; but it was whispered that Lutheran doctrines had lived in that heart now hushed in death. What now must we think of the baseness and puerility of a nation that will go through all the forms of a trial of the deceased, and, finding the dead person guilty, condemn the body to be exhumed and burned with an effigy of the woman now beyond the reach of the Inquisition? If the deed were not so ghastly, so irreverent that it calls forth our horror, we would think of such a spirit with contempt and scorn. In their fury, the house of the same Leanor was

razed to the ground, the ruins strewn with salt, and a marble column erected on the spot to speak a warning. Aye, it is a warning, speaking of the ignorance and wickedness of man, and is to Spain not a memorial of honor, but of her shame; while to the Reformation it is a bright memorial of true souls that loved truth for its own sake, of whom there will ever live something more lasting than marble, more enduring than gold, and which the flight of time cannot destroy.

Worn and hard beset with sorrows is the tale of the women in Spain, who clung to divine truth when almost lost amid falsehood, and put far off by cruelty. The story of one is the story of many, and the secret sum of all is "suffering." Human nature is not the same in the powers of endurance. Although the pain of the trial may be equal in intensity, still there is often a constitutional weakness or natural shrinking from acute pain, and the spirit sinks beneath it; stronger souls may stand beneath the same trial, and meet death face to face. The inherent weakness of the former produces double suffering—the pain of the trial and the added agony begotten of that weakness, clinging doubts, present fears, more horrible imagnings, shame, reproach, remorse. That same sensitiveness to physical pain which caused them to falter, is accompanied by a corresponding delicacy to mental suffering. Of this sensitive nature was Leanor de Cineros—what a soul to meet the Inquisition!

The band of spies, of which there were over twenty thousand scattered throughout the kingdom, some even in the very sanctity of the home, suspected the heresy of Leanor and her husband. Suspicion meant death. The love which had united these two young people had been strengthened by their love of God. The Scripture and its gentle teachings made the happiness of their home purer and higher. In the midst of these early joys they were seized, separated, and cast into prison. The beautiful home gone! Sunshine and gladness became gloom and woe! Months of darkness, doubt and fear followed. A strange sad story of a multitude of souls, a strange commentary on Papal civilization—cruel, barbarous as Comanche and Modoc.

These hours in the cell! Nothing known, and nothing but the mysterious fact of death certain. Accusation by secret denunciation; sentence without hearing; execution without mercy or appeal, or a life worse than death. Terrible hours! In the death alone, terrible beyond utterance; in the manner of death, with its secret intangible mysteries, more terrible still; in the treachery that made the neighbor a disguised foe, most horrible! And then the saved—those who escaped the harder fate—mangled, bleeding, torn, disgraced. Bleeding backs, broken limbs, ruined lives, desolate homes! Ah, the sorrows of this silent destruction—graver than that of the stormy

battlefield. O, the undertone of tragedy in the glorious Reformation! Chords that vibrate highest measure thrilled with deepest notes of woe!

In the lonely cell, a prey of dejection, deceived and worried by priests, sick and tormented by torture and coercion of the rack, the youthful Leanor faltered, and, in a moment of weakness, recanted. The dreary months passed; the day of the *auto de fe* came. The penitents made part of the procession which accompanied the heretics to the place of execution. Leanor, in the penitential gown, took her place in the ranks, her heart heavy with grief, but still cherishing the one hope of seeing Herezuelo soon. To that moment she looked with eager longing.

The day was usually celebrated as a holiday. The people thronged the streets in gay attire, ready for the scenes of the day, in their bigotry rejoicing, gayly viewing all the sad preparations for death. Down the streets wound the brilliant procession, headed by the Roman cross. Then came a long line of the clergy in white and black, crimson and gold; next were the magistrates and great men in gorgeous robes and golden ornaments; afterward, the nobles on prancing horses, the choristers chanting the liturgy to the sound of the trumpet; and in the midst walked the martyrs, clad in black robes painted with yellow streaks representing flames; by their side the Black Friars, talking fast and loud, with many gesticulations,

tormenting them to recant. The colors of banners and robes, the lances of the soldiers and glancing gilt of standards, the jewels of the ladies under brilliant canopies, the holiday dress and holiday tone among the multitude, made the scene gay.

Such was the *auto de fe* that closed the months of the trial of Leanor and her husband. All the prisoners, penitents and heretics were marched to the spot to witness the execution—to the scaffold in the midst of the square. A great green cross towered above and marked it out, and twelve tapers added their flickering glimmer. The procession neared the spot, and eagerly the eyes of the prisoners sought each other in this moment of meeting, each searching for the friend and loved one. Leanor and her husband had not heard a word from each other since the dreadful morning when separated, and now the moment had come to which both had been looking. Anxiously, their eyes wandered among the prisoners —O woe! the eager eyes of Leanor behold her husband among the doomed heretics, and—O, grief! grief unutterable agonizes the soul of Herezuelo at the sight of Leanor in the penitent's gown. Separated in death! A broken faith! The free will offering of his life for truth's sake had robbed death of its sting, but in her recantation he met his most bitter sorrow, to cloud the last act of triumph. A Roman Catholic who stood near him records "there was a

sadness in his countenance beyond anything I had ever seen." To Leanor the hour was terrible: and as the eyes of Herezuelo met hers as he passed to the stake, true to his faith, heroic, courageous, the look rent her heart. That look of sovereign love and sovereign pain, as the look of the Saviour upon Peter, touched the heart, and, recognizing her sin and shame, she fell to the earth.

The penitents were returned to their cells after the tragedy of execution. A new, more terrible anguish has filled the soul of the poor Leanor. The strain of the scene just witnessed, the thought that now she might have been united with Herezuelo and rejoicing in the truth, the deep remorse at her own sin, bowed her in the depths of pain; and throwing herself in abasement before God, she cried aloud against her sin—and the faith which her lips had denied, but which had lived in her heart, became dearer now to her than that life which had now been purchased too dearly to retain its sweetness. Poor sufferer! the very weakness which had before caused her to yield, her sensitiveness to pain, was tried in severer measure —in the pangs of heart and conscience.

She re-asserted her first belief to her keepers, and to the priests she confessed her strong faith in the truth for which her husband had died. In vain her tormentors tried to regain her, and to confirm again the recantation. No; they had before deceived her

by saying that Herezuelo too had recanted, and she trusted them no longer. Remembering her former sensitiveness, the physical tortures were renewed; but neither the horrors of the Inquisition nor the passionate appeals and threats of the priests could move her during the nine years of imprisonment that followed. Nine years of sorrow, which might have been nine years of Paradise! Sorrow was the daily companion of her young life, but while the heart was sick and the body infirm, the spirit was quiet and firm, looking at death with no shudder, but with a yearning for rest. Ilescas, the Catholic, says, "Nothing could move the impenetrable heart of that obstinate woman." Knowing her native sensitiveness, her inner struggles, we can admire the strength by which she rose above them, conquered even nature itself; and this subsequent suffering fully atones for the moment of weakness. Our pity and our sympathy is with her, and it is with a loving pity that we say, "poor Leanor."

Nine years later she went to the stake *alone*. It was harder, sadder; yet as those years had brought a perfect sorrow, so they had purified, strengthened, and brought her off as conqueror—now more truly a child of faith. Tender, sensitive, heroic, faithful Leanor, thy young life passed early from sunshine into darkest night; but there has fallen upon thy head once bowed in grief the crown of gold reserved for him that overcometh. "God did anoint thee

with his odorous oil, to wrestle, not to reign;" so others shall take patience, strength and courage from thy hand, to stand erect in the storms of life, and, conquering the weakness of the heart, receive "Well done" at last.

XXIII.

MARIA DE BOHORQUES.

As Leanor de Cineros was a type of tender, sensitive womanhood, shrinking and faltering beneath coercion and torture, so Maria de Bohorques stands as the type of those who know no fear, who dare walk amid fierce beasts or the devouring flames, brave, erect, fearless. To them the inner, secret life of the soul, eternal, undying, is the *real* life, to which no harm can come when true to its silent voice of duty—with which all is well, when resting in the peace of God. Come what come may to the outer life, the spirit is untouched, serene; and calm endurance is its natural expression.

How quickly the dream of life was broken in that age of universal death! Men and women in the prime of life, youths and maidens in its promise, yielded the sacrifice freely, gave up this life deliberately and calmly. Maria de Bohorques, at the age of twenty, turned from the home of wealth and beauty to the narrow cell whose only exit was death. Would it not require strong conviction, love, heroism to accept a religion offering but the hard sentence of the leaden casket, threatening rather than promising

aught, "Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath." This was the religion heralded by the Master, "I came not to send peace, but a sword;" and again, "Ye shall be hated of all men for my sake, but he that endureth to the end shall be saved." Yet this religion touched the hearts of the people, lived there, and some would dare to die for it. In the latter days, when faith has become a thing of so small a price, that wordly advantage, pleasures of sense, or even the slight reputation for wisdom among the shallow mockers of life, can purchase it, it would be well for those who know so little of the personal value of religion as to deny its truth, to look at the price by which this free faith was purchased in the ages past, and know that if its own intrinsic power to them is nothing, yet, purchased at such rates, it has an acquired value which should put to shame every scoff and sneer. As in the little poem of Tennyson the humble seed was scattered and grew in power until the people cried, "Splendid is the flower," but spreading more and coming within the reach of all, easy to be plucked by every common hand, it then became a weed, so this Christian religion, honored and revered when viewed in the glory of historical light, has now become so free of access to every seeking soul, that to some it has lost its power, becoming even as a weed. These foolish ones will not choose "what many men desire," be-

cause they will not jump with common spirits and rank them with the barbarous multitude: and so the hidden treasure is disdained. Living amid the freedom and advancement purchased by a holocaust of offerings, hecatombs of crushed and mangled bodies, it is the mark of the ignorant to lightly estimate the secret power of faith that wrought the wondrous work. If such heroic faith existed in an age not knowing the indebtedness which rests upon us, in an age demanding a sacrifice, not offering beauty and blessing, have not we reason to uphold our faith? That which our forefathers died to gain, becomes a sacred legacy for us to preserve.

Maria became familiar with the Scriptures in Latin and Greek, for the vernacular was forbidden, and her quick, well-trained mind readily discerned the truth and its relation to the errors of the day. She had been educated with great care as the pupil of Ægidius —that scholar who had been brought to the truth in a strange way; for as he stood up as a priest to preach the doctrines and learning of Romanism, he found himself face to face with toiling, suffering men and women, who wanted and needed comfort and strength. He felt then that his well-prepared syllogisms and citations from the schoolmen echoed back to him from the hollow dome of the Cathedral, without having entered one heart, and his own sympathizing heart knew the utter poverty of such words, and

the mockery of such a service. What could he do in this great trust? In the Book he found the words of healing, and them he uttered. From his deep heart Maria learned the power of those words in the Book, over which she had pondered, and which awoke question after question in her thoughtful mind. She had that rare thing in the world—an independent mind, and she worked out these problems of thought until master of them. True to herself, she united openly with the people holding the same belief, although a despised and outcast Lutheran band. She joined the secret number who met to read and study the Book, and this was a delight to her. Hers was an earnest, whole-hearted nature, which could do nothing lightly nor half-hearted, but which threw the whole soul and life into the work to which duty and conviction pointed. Naturally, therefore, she enthusiastically and earnestly devoted her talents to this work of the Reformation which now engrossed her thoughts. In her little circle, she became a helper, reading the Book to them, explaining, arguing, defending the principles of Luther.

Her arrest followed. The priests, moved by the beauty, bright youth, intellect and talents of the young woman, aroused all their energies to save her to the Roman church. They determined not to lose this power of Catholicism, and used every means to induce her to recant. This promised to be a futile

attempt. Never for a moment was she overcome by the terrors of her position; but, on the contrary, tried to make it bring some good to the cause of her heart. She calmly argued, even in the midst of the tyrants, claiming her right to a free conscience, and urging the reasonableness of the claim. "Instead of punishing me for holding these doctrines, it would be better for you to follow my example by embracing them," was her ready response to priest and inquisitor.

Nor could she be moved. Limb wrenched from socket, utter darkness, mysteries, rack, threats, all were alike powerless, for still she declared a joy in faith. When torn and bleeding she lay on the pallet in her cell, in this hour of weakness, two Dominicans again sought her and applied themselves for her conversion. With clear mind and perfect calm she responded to their affected earnestness, saying that their solicitude about her salvation, which she believed sincere, could not exceed that which she herself felt, as being the party most interested.

The stake was the response, and even here she filled her tormentors with anger. Her ready argument was not checked. To her companions, who questioned the necessity for such a sacrifice, she said, "This is not a time for reasoning, but to contemplate the death of that Redeemer for whom we are about to suffer." With joyful, happy face, singing a

song to cheer these fearful ones, she faced the scaffold. The gag could stop her cheering voice, but not the language of her marvelous eyes, which still spoke help. The gag was removed to permit her to speak and renounce the new faith, finding a rescue in the return to Rome. The last clear words came unfalteringly, "I neither can nor will renounce."

The final moment brought another chance for escape, another opportunity to reveal the noble soul. The monks surrounded her at the stake, loth to put out this bright young life, and urging her youth, beauty, talents, argued her duty to live for labor, and delayed the fire to hear the word which would speak life and liberty to her. Eagerly they call upon her now to repeat the creed. The same firm, sweet voice repeats it without a tremor, and with the same courage and earnestness she begins to explain and defend; but the lighted pile stilled the brave voice, and soon the courageous heart was at peace.

Thus this sweet, gifted young life went out—but the type of multitudes. It disappeared then in darkness, but now the same sweet, brave voice tunes the heart fainting among trials. When tossed by storm and tempest, amid the whirl and maddening maze of sin and sorrow, and overwhelmed in the flood of disaster and grief, then the clear, gentle voice speaks of that faith that is true, that is worth far more than life and its ventures, and the trial of which, even as

by fire, whether by one great struggle, or the daily task and ever-present temptation, is still more precious than gold if it be turned to strengthen, to refine and ennoble character. May its echo reach us, and bid us hold to the rudder though the shadows grow dark, for the day will arise with no cloud in its beauty, and no trouble in its deep peace.

XXIV.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

In the Reformation annals, one little scene opens before us in all the bright cheerfulness of sunshine, and we catch its sunny warmth and beauty; but as the little drama proceeds and the clouds gather, and the darkness palls, we feel our spirits sink, and as the light dies out into night and blackness, our hearts are sad and mournful.

A bright, happy home, beautiful with the light of love, offers its brightness and happiness freely as a home for every persecuted Christian. Within is a ready, loving cheer and sympathy for all. It is the home of Antoinette Haveloos, of the good old family of the Van Roesmals, known through generations as noble, generous, true-hearted, yet never, in all the past showing hospitality and help so much needed as in this Reformation time. The weary wanderer rests his tired body within this home of comfort, the burdened spirit finds a healing sympathy in tender hearts, and here many golden hours gladden darkened lives. Antoinette and her beautiful daughter Gudule, both lovers of each other, rejoiced to be able to do this work, to help the great cause even in this little way,

content to fill a little place, so that some good emanate and touch a greater life. This is a beautiful side to the Reformation, so dark and dreadful in so many ways, this glimpse at the home-circles, the friendships, sympathy and love of believers. In the home of Antoinette there was this constant meeting and communion of fellow-workers and learners of the truth. Here Alasco, the Polish baron whose soul had been touched by the fire from the lips of Zwinglius, found a home and help, and here the centre of the Reformation in Louvan, all gathered, neighbors, friends, refugees, to hear the Word of God, to speak of heavenly things, all as one household—made one in Christ. Then on the sunshiny days, they would wander about in happy companies, walking upon the vine-clad hills, resting on the rich green grass, still talking of the same theme, overflowing from the abundance of the heart. We are friends to these gentle ones, and in these scenes almost seem to be present with them, longing, too, to talk of the great change in the life when made new in Christ, of its higher outlook, its greater hope and significance as revealed by the Gospel; longing, too, to exchange hopes that all those about us who groan under the yoke, may feel that rest in Christ—enjoy this wonderful blessed life. We seem to join the charmed circle, as eager, earnest, happy as they.

The sunshine fades; the glowing light dies, and

beauty and happiness are fled. Reformation means change, and change always disturbs, brings pain to the nation, as to the individual—it is a universal law. In Louvan, epidemic added to the confusion of the time, and amid it all, the old homestead of the Von Roesmals is destroyed. In a tower overlooking the town, Antoinette and Gudule found a retreat; and Antoinette, she whose heart had beat so warmly for all the poor, the happy dispenser of bounty in the house of abundance, now at sixty years of age is bereft of all, "a poor old woman," and, "laden with poverty and sufferings." Mother and daughter still had each other, and sorrow had but drawn them closer together, and even now they were happy in that treasure which no power could remove. Some light still lingers, although the sun has set.

Sadder days come, when the lingering light lessens. The dark prison opens for Antoinette, and the desolated home is left to Gudule. Although the chief citizens feel the shame that a Von Roesmal, descendant of the founders of the place, should be so cruelly treated, and beg her release, there is no rescue, and the day of her death is at hand. That life, so filled with gentle deeds of mercy, must go down in sorrow to death. Gudule is heart-broken; she dreads yet longs to see her mother, that loved one who was all in all to her, mother, sister, friend, guide. Love leads her to seek one more glance at that mother—

even at her death. Yet what a horrible fate—to be buried alive! As the mother drew near the fatal spot, it seemed too horrible, too dreadful to be borne. Some urged the daughter to leave, but her reply was firm, "I must be a spectator of the sacrifice of my mother." She hid behind the tree to spare the mother's anguish, and silent, motionless, white, and cold, saw her approach the grave. Not a sound escapes the daughter's lips. She watches every movement, tearless, motionless, aghast. But as she saw her mother—her dear, good mother—go down into the grave, and heard the shovelfuls of earth fall on that darling head, shriek after shriek rent the air, as her heart was torn with unspeakable anguish. "O God," says an eye-witness, "with what lamentations, with what woe she filled the air!" In wild despair, bereft of reason, she ran about the streets plucking the hair from her head, tearing her face, knowing not what to do in the terrible agony of her soul. What agony in that hour!

O Gudule, O Antoinette, where is now some word of that sympathy so freely offered to others? Where now the peaceful fireside, the sweet communion of the saints, the love, the cheer, the sympathy, the Reformation resting-place? The light has gone out; dark night has come, blackness has settled over all. So too, over our spirits a sadness has fallen, for the sorrowful night to Antoinette and Gudule. Yet

sorrow endureth for a night, but joy cometh with the morning, and the brightness of the eternal morning dissipates clouds and darkness forever. Our sympathizing hearts fail to fathom the agony of the martyr, yet our spirits can rise to the contemplation of his rest and joy forever and forever.

XXV.

CHARLOTTE DE BOURBON.

THE life of Charlotte de Bourbon is one of those romances in real life, which give to history all the subtle charm of fiction, and at the same time, speak in lessons deep and serious, from the true world about us. History has a fascination which radiates from character and event, teaching the individual and the nation. Reformation time has a peculiar attraction; it is so fraught with stirring incident, so many great souls claim our admiration; but beyond that there is such a general heroism among the mass of the people to whom we feel ourselves akin, that our hearts warm in love and sympathy for them—for suffering humanity. In tales of chivalry, of conquest, of progress, our spirits kindle with sentiment, ambition, enthusiasm; but the story of these times touches the innermost sanctities of the heart—a precious epoch to all ages, touching the faith, rights, independence of the great human family. In other eras we think of the leader—it is Alexander, and not his faithful soldiers; Napoleon, and not the suffering millions; the Crusades with Saladin and Richard, and not the foot-sore pilgrims. But in the Reformation it is the

people—the poor, the lowly, the high, the noble, all are one, and we are one with them in this struggle for truth. Here each individual is a hero, and every life an individual one, a contest. Luther, Zwingli, Calvin, Melanchthon, rise as leaders. Still, love them as we may, our hearts are with the struggling millions thus sternly called upon to openly choose and avow the conviction of the heart, to decide for or against conscience. It is the rise of the *individual* out of the mass, the recognition of individual, personal responsibility, that marks this epoch as great, and endears it to the heart of the people. This great truth met its recognition in the Reformation, and so, for the first time, we note individual character, which, however obscure, if true, is noble. No longer as dumb, driven cattle was life beyond the power of the will, but each individual was constrained to meet the question of choice, and by it to reveal the inner principle and the true character, revealed in the myriads who bravely walked to death, and equally so in the countless multitudes who mocked the truth or stifled conscience, and chose the life of safety and comfort. In each case there was a choice. Whether we boldly take a stand, or silently refuse to act, we make a choice.

Charlotte de Bourbon chose what her soul revealed to her as truth. She was brought face to face with the stern call, "Choose." As a child the two faiths

ever confronted her with the demand. Her father, the stern, haughty, bigoted Duke de Montpensier, the most ardent Romanist of the princes of France, held before her the crucifix, the pope, the mass, the saints; while her gentle mother tenderly taught the deep and loving truth of the Book of Life to her. The father had the power, the authority over her young life; but the mother had that silent, secret force of influence upon her heart. The power of the father peremptorily sent her to the nunnery, but the influence of the mother's instructions molded her character and carved life for her. With grief, the mother and daughter heard the cruel decree that spoke a last parting, a parting that entered into the soul of Charlotte, and bore everlasting influence. A secret protestation against the act of entering the convent was signed by the young girl, yet, forced to take the vows, she became a sable-robed sister in the convent of Jouarre. To many of the girls of France, this life had a charm—the silent seclusion, the solitude, meditation and repose had its allurements; and many parents were glad to find this asylum for their daughters and thus shake off all farther responsibility. But no such false idea could reconcile Charlotte or her mother, who looked upon life and its duties as the field for action. Moreover, this life, so far separated from the active labor which seemed to call her, was a daily service in a faith which her conscience

had rejected! The act of protestation could never reveal the full protestation of her soul.

Thus the years of young womanhood were passed within the cloister walls, during which time the death of the beloved mother gave a new pain to her heavy heart and recalled the loving words of counsel. She felt the cruel wrong in her own life, and the suffering of the Huguenots about her gave an intensity to her hatred of popery, and yet—she was the abbess of Jouarre! Her rank as the daughter of a prince of the blood royal of France had raised her to that position, yet there was no pleasure, no satisfaction in the dignity or honor—it was in the service of the Church of Rome! Whatever influence there was in that rank, she used for the cause that filled her heart. Here among the nuns she walked and freely spoke the conviction of her soul. She gathered the sisters about her and earnestly instructed them in the truth, teaching the doctrines of the Reformed faith to those daily performing popish ceremonials. What a mockery of life! Yea more, she felt its hypocrisy. Yet what could she do? Her father's house was closed to her, and outside of it was the cruel world!

At first the heretical teaching was passed by, but even royal blood was no proof against the relentless suspicions of Rome, and soon the whisper spread that she was instilling poison into the minds of the sisters, and threats warned her to shake off the bonds. How?

Amid the Huguenot confusion of the time the convent was invaded, and the abbess of Jouarre made her escape. After wandering about among relatives and friends, she found a home in Heidelberg, at the castle of the Elector Frederick, where she freely cast off the old chains and boldly united with the Reformers. It was an hour of suffering, for her enraged father reproached her bitterly, utterly refusing to be reconciled, to acknowledge or support her, or to send a single word of affection. She felt the injustice of the reproach, for she maintained that the father has no absolute authority over the conscience of the child. This question needs no argument in this advanced age, where the rights of the individual are sacred; but the sixteenth century was too near the days of feudalism, and the time when the relation of parent and child was that of lord and dependent, and the law of duty to bond was higher than duty to soul. In this sore trial, active work in the cause now spreading, suffering, and needing the helping hand, was a welcome labor to her.

A greater place was to know the power of her helpful hand and heart. William, Prince of Orange, the leader of the Reformation in the Netherlands, had heard the story of Charlotte de Bourbon, and her warm attachment to truth; her sufferings, all revealing the brave soul and noble character, had won his admiration; and when, upon a visit to Frederick, he

met there the graceful, intelligent princess, whose beauty had that rare touch which suffering for a noble cause alone imparts, his admiration increased to love. To her William wrote a simple letter, saying that he was already past his prime, his fortune encumbered for his children and with debts contracted for his country. Charlotte recognized the noble nature speaking in such words and deeds—her own life had felt the touch of sacrifice for truth. A convention of the doctors and bishops of France, summoned by her father, confirmed the opinion that the conventual vows had been conformable neither to the laws of France nor to the canons of the Council of Trent; and the abbess of Jouarre, the daughter of the fierce Roman Catholic Duke, became the wife of the champion of truth in that country so persecuted by cruel, bigoted Spain. Like Katherine von Bora, from the nun to the helpmeet of the leader, from the convent to the hearth-stone of the Reformer!

It was evident that in this marriage, William sought his own inclination, rather than any state reasons or policy. The union met a general disapproval; even the Elector Frederick, friend as he was to both, condemned it; the Elector of Saxony was delirious with rage, while his brother, Count John, called it an "act of madness." This same brother afterward wrote, "of a surety it is a most precious consolation and a wondrous relief, that God should have given him a

wife so distinguished by her virtues, her piety, her vast intelligence—in a word, so perfectly all that he could wish." William knew that state policy could never plan the help that a perfect home life of love would give. He knew from bitter experience the fallacy of that power, and now obeyed his own will and heart. Nor was he deceived or disappointed. No longer did he struggle daily against the abuse and reproach which the mad Anne of Saxony had hurled upon him, scorning him as an exile and a wanderer, and bewailing the sacrifice of wealth and position, and ridiculing him in his efforts to raise money to help his distressed country. Poor Anne! she died in the mad-house, driven thither by her fierce, stormy nature. Charlotte de Bourbon honored the spirit that would prompt such actions—she was herself a wanderer—and equaled him in that open, generous, earnest enthusiasm, making that life a harmony, a mutual help, and though full of danger, full of beauty. The people in the Netherlands reverenced William as their hero and defender; and while they looked with awe at the princess so high above them, they loved her for the gracious help given them. In these years of tempest, when the Prince braved the storms in the world, there was rest and peace in her sympathy and encouragement. We read: "His Highness is in excellent health, and, in spite of adversity, incredible labor, perplexity and danger, that

it makes me happy to witness it. No doubt a chief reason is the consolation he derives from the pious and highly intelligent wife whom the Lord has given him, and who is inexpressibly dear to him."

How severe and trying must have been her constant anxiety, knowing that the life of the Prince was daily in danger of the assassin! And when such an attempt upon his life almost met success, what a picture we have of the true woman! The Prince is shot through the head by a Papist, who claimed that he did it for the sake of the Church and the glory of God; his life is despaired of, and for eighteen days we find the faithful helpmeet at his bedside, never leaving it, with tenderness and prayer calling back that life so necessary to the country and the cause. As she hears his "Good night forever—it is all over now," her heart, although breaking, clings to hope, as she encourages, gently ministers, and will not give him up. Her work is blessed, and a joyful nation gathers in cathedral and church to pour forth thanksgiving for the restoration of that precious life. His wife has proved her love for it in a stronger way than in thanksgiving. She returns from the church and the thanksgiving, and exhausted, worn out, lies on the bed of death, and three days later yields up the life which she would gladly give to save the Prince to his people. The anxiety, watching, alternations of hope and fear, had taken the precious life-blood

says: "The Prince was saved, but unhappily, the murderer had yet found an illustrious victim—the devoted wife who had so faithfully shared his joys and sorrows." May we not say that this was another life cast as a sacrifice at the stern demand of the time?

From one of the daughters of Charlotte de Bourbon came Frederick V. of Bohemia, who married Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of James of England, from whom Queen Victoria is descended. Thus, in the veins of our present Queen of England flows the blood of the faithful Charlotte de Bourbon.

XXVI.

IN THE NETHERLANDS.

How the Reformation seized upon the hearts of the people, and how individuals grasped the vital truth in its inner motive power! Individuals thought for themselves, each answering to his own conscience the question of faith, not blindly following the teaching of the fathers nor the coercion of numbers. Here was no ignorant acceptance of an established creed, but every man could give a reason for the faith that was in him. Of the many glad truths that the new-found Bible revealed, the great truth that touched the soul of the people was the doctrine of Justification by Faith. The endless rushing after works and the daily purchasing of salvation did not satisfy the heart; it nourished evil in the life, and made the unsatisfied spirit feverish in the vain pursuit of its own salvation. But rest in Christ, dependence on his salvation—this was peace to the soul, and the yearning, needy heart responded to this gospel. High and low, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, all grasped this soul-satisfying truth, and clung to it with a deathless energy. In the court, duchess and princess argue the Scripture truth; in the home the mother imparts it to

the children as a precious legacy, and in the workshop and kitchen the maiden is ready with the Bible answers, and all alike are willing to die for it. Surely there is something divine in a power which so touches the deep heart of humanity!

The Netherlands caught the echo of Luther's ringing words, and a vibrating thrill stirred the country. The many strangers, students, exiles, merchants, passing through this land having commerce with all nations, brought a clearer voice in his writings. Van Goch, Thomas à Kempis, Erasmus, had already prepared the way for the full reception of truth, enlarged civil liberty brought its reforming tendency, and so the Reformed doctrines found an unhesitating welcome in the Netherlands. Among the lowly it was received with joy, and again the poor have the Gospel preached to them in the renewal of the apostolic days. God designed it as a free gift, but the wickedness of man now placed upon it a heavy price—often life itself—yet it found many eager seekers. The Netherlands belonged to Spain, and in this fact we read the penalty affixed to the seeker of the free gift of the Gospel. Placards were issued against Luther's writings by Charles V., and this was the first and greatest note of the tyrant's dread voice. Some abjured their faith, and it was a long procession that wound through the streets to cast the wicked books into the flames; it was a large crowd that fled across the seas;

and yet it is recorded that fifty thousand perished at the hand of the destroyer. How general, then, must have been this love of the Scriptures, and the acceptance of their truth! How impious, how wicked to oppose this sentiment of the mass! The opposition to all that lies deepest in the heart of man, to which the people cling, cannot but produce confusion, distress, the disruption of society. What temporal rule could stand in opposition to this divine working?

The same cruelty which Spain used in her own land extended to her province. The Northern people, however, were of a bolder, more aggressive, independent nature, than the subjects in the Southern kingdom. So here there is open resistance to the cruel measures of Spain. It needed a hand as cruel as herself to carry out the Spanish policy, and the Duke of Alva was a fair exponent of her spirit; under him "every hour produced fresh objects of pity and mourning, and the noise of the bloody passing bell was continually heard, which, by the martyrdom of this man's cousin, and the other man's friend or brother, rung dismal peals on the hearts of the survivor." Still, the scenes of Roman Catholic Rome could not be repeated in the land of William the Silent. In Spain, the majority of the people worked together with the king in devotion to Rome, and hatred to the Reformation. In the Netherlands this devoted Catholic people did not exist; civil liberty

had begotten the broader spirit of the Reformed principles, and nobles and electors shared the opinions of the people, working with them; and, although the mandates of the king, executed by his agents, could destroy, yet both policy and executors were denounced and abhorred. Here there were no flocks of zealots in holiday clothes, glorying in the cruelty, mocking at heretics, urging on the executioners, and revealing all the meanness and wicked passion of their narrow souls: on the contrary, there is a sympathizing multitude, following the martyr to the last hour, encouraging, sweetening the bitter moment, and then fierce and strong in denunciation of such unholy powers. Finally they break into open revolt, and as it becomes unsafe to work as in Spain, private execution robs the victim of this sympathy, until even the secret wickedness falls before a dread confederacy of opposition, of those who dare defy the kingdom of haughty Spain.

While the terror of the time invaded castle and palace, still the great sorrow and trial was among the mass. It is a touching and an inspiring thing to see the brave hearts among the lowly women, and to know that it was conviction that made all tribulation a glory to those who, although unlearned and humble, held fast to the truth which satisfied their hearts, knowing the truth in its purity, and accordingly greater than the throned monarch. We find Wendel-

mutha, a woman of little learning, but of force of character, standing firmly before priest and ruler, giving ready, wise, judicious answers, although it is a step on the road to a dreadful death. What a clear knowledge of the truth is seen in this humble woman, as clear, nay clearer than that of doctor and scholar, revealing that, of a truth, the gospel is for the whole world, for every creature.

The priest, proud in his authority, asks: "What do you think as to saints, their pictures and images?" And the true response shows the secret folly of the whole idea: "I know no other mediator than Jesus Christ."

"Will you have a confessor or not?" asks the priest, and again she strikes at the root of this fallacy: "I have confessed all my sins to Christ, my Lord, who taketh away all sins."

"Who has taught you this opinion—how came you by it?" interrogates the father. "The Lord calls all men to him. I am his sheep, therefore, I hear his voice," is the response.

"Are you alone then called?" is the sneering inquiry, and calmly, sweetly, truthfully she replies, "O no, the Lord calls to him all that are heavy laden."

Here was the secret that won the heart of the people—a rest for the heavy laden, a rest not found by the works of the hands nor the deeds of the law, but

alone in Christ. Such a heart-friend Christ became to sin-sick, burdened souls, that nothing could separate the clinging love of the sufferer and the firm, faithful support of his divine Friend. "I cleave to thee," the words of Wendelmutha, was the sentiment of the universal heart. Amid the flames is heard that cry, "I cleave to thee," and the sympathizing hearts respond with the same faithful determination. "Verily," says Erasmus, "the world is turned upside down; monks are ignorant, and women are educated"—meaning educated in the Scriptures.

Says Motley: "At this point the history of the Netherlands presents to us a noble spectacle: we see on the one hand the little ones, those unknown to the world, serving God with fervor and indomitable resolution, and, on the other hand, persecutors thirsting for their blood, and conflicts, martyrdom awaiting them. The heroism of the lowly appears infinitely small in the eyes of the world, but in our eyes it is one of the glories of the Reformation that in its history the little ones are especially brought before us." Lysken Dirke was one of the "little ones," with the same faith with its reasons ready to answer the questions, and the same doctrine of salvation through the righteousness of Christ alone, had taken full possession of her heart. She and her husband were seized and cast into separate prisons, never to see each other again, yet having the one comfort of

writing encouraging letters. She felt, as many must have felt in that time, that she had the will to stand, and the love and desire to be loyal to faith, and yet had natural misgivings and fears lest in the dread hour she might falter. Her husband writes, "Fear not the world, for the hairs of your head are numbered," and at the unceasing torments of the friars writes, "I beseech you once more that you give no heed to them, and have nothing to do with them."

The monks soon found it to be to their advantage to cease questioning her, for she probed them to the quick, touching their errors, sins and shame, revealing the truth of the Scripture concerning them. Said the priest, "Do you know what qualifications should belong to a teacher?" The Scripture answer meets them, "A teacher should be the husband of one wife, blameless, having obedient children, not given to wine, not incontinent." In self-condemnation and exculpation he replied, "If we do wrong, the consequences will fall upon our own heads; but the Lord is merciful." But the true honest answer tears away this flimsy defence: "Would you sin because of the mercy of the Lord? is it not written that we should not add to sin, nor take encouragement to commit it, because the grace of God abounds?" Such words did more to stop the worriments of the priests than protestations or argument.

Lysken had that characteristic honest, blunt, out

spoken manner of the people—she was one of the people. As she passed through the curious crowds to trial she said, "Know that I do not suffer for robbery or murder, nor any kind of wickedness, but solely for the incorruptible word of God." The people loved her, and standing beneath her cell window would sing for her encouragement, while she to encourage them and show her firm, undaunted heart would respond with a hymn of faith. "Sing out, Lysken," cried the crowd, but the magistrates silenced the rousing voice. On the day of execution, the crowds hurried early to the banks of the Scheldt, but the powers had deprived her of the last hour of human sympathy, and before the dawn of the day the dark waters of the river had rolled silently over her.

Betken, another of the "little ones," caught the gleam of the truth which shines for all creatures. She was a maid-servant, yet a child of the kingdom of heaven in the days when there was a force upon the humbler workers to keep in favor with those in rule above them. For her devotion to her heretic master, to whose prison she daily brought him dinner, and her pious habits, she was brought to that tribulation which was but glory to her. When standing before the rack, she innocently asks, "Wherefore do you torture me?" and again, "Alas, my masters, if it be so that I must suffer this pain, then give me leave first to call upon God." Then, as the soul accustomed to

communion with God pours forth its own agony and its trust in Him, the guilty, conscience-stricken commissioner swoons—the fierce cruelty falls before the simple, child-like faith. The torture is spared, but she is hurried to death. The crowd, as ever in the Netherlands a contrast to that of Spain, follow with cheers and sympathy, crying, "Fight manfully, for the crown is prepared for you." She bids them be faithful, hopefully adding, "as for me, I am going to meet my glorious Saviour." One of the little ones on earth, but "the first shall be last, and the last shall be first."

In each life, however lowly, there are seeds of mighty good, and it is a weak soul that must seek a sphere to act nobly. In the rank where you stand, battle faithfully for truth, and be ready to know the opportunity when you are called upon to take an active part in the onward progress of truth. No life is devoid of the opportunity: character determines our use of it—positive in its favor, or negative, a clog on the wheels of its progress.

XXVII.

KATHERINE WILLOUGHBY.

In England, even as in Germany, France, Italy, Spain, and the Netherlands, the heart of woman was true to the voice of conscience and the convictions of truth, firm in its support, although at the cost of comfort, position, worldly gain, and life itself. Katherine Willoughby presents to us the English phase, reveals the Reformation as it took shape in the life in England.

As the sole heiress of Lord Willoughby and the daughter of Mary of Salines, the devoted friend of the queen, Katherine of Aragon, the gay, brilliant life of the English court lay open to Katherine Willoughby. Raised in this court, which was even then approaching the magnificence which blazed forth in all its glory a few years later in the days of Elizabeth, even then touched by the brilliancy of the royal life of France under the influence of Louise of Savoy, there would naturally be a charm, a dazzling allurement in its attractions, especially to the young, imaginative, innocent maiden. She was educated in the precise, formal, thorough, careful manner of the English court. Her education was directed and stu-

diously watched by Mary Tudor, the sister of Henry VIII, who imparted to her a courtly refinement, culture and grace. She was one of the model English maidens, and her girlhood passed in the regular, formal mode. Her marriage seemed suitable, and the true and proper event seemed given to her, in her union with the Duke of Suffolk, the favorite of King Henry. All this was the natural and expected development of the life of a maiden in her position, and the future, as a matron in court life, seemed secure. As her husband and the king were close friends, the royal life still remained the place for the duchess to display her talents, her delightful conversation and scintillating wit.

The outer life was one of careless pleasure and enjoyment, but there was a true life within the home where the spirit of the Christian religion lived, and the truth as revealed in the Scriptures ruled the worship. Alexander Seaton, a Scottish friar, who had fled from his native country on account of religious persecution, was chaplain in this home of the duke and duchess of Suffolk, and the whole household rejoiced in the gospel as taught in its simplicity and truth by his pious, loving heart. A broad, strong, sure foundation on the true and living faith was thus laid by this earnest preacher—a faith which, although it brought grace and salvation, was destined to bring shadows into this life of golden sunshine, and change

the happy home life of its queen into that of the wanderer and the fugitive. We see, for a certainty, that this religion thus accepted, was not merely assumed because approved by the King, for when a Queen denounced it, and the trial by fire proved it, then it still remained firm and unshaken.

In her zeal for that faith which had touched her soul with a new and higher life, Katherine did not hesitate to openly denounce the beliefs and practices of the Roman Catholic Church. Her character was a positive one—very earnest and enthusiastic—and it was not enough for her that she upheld and supported the Protestant cause, but she was equally desirous of tearing down and destroying all the evil that threatened it. Her contempt for the pretense and hypocrisy of Rome was open and expressed, and she spared neither devotee nor bishop. She hated their sins and empty worship, and did not fail to utter her hatred.

Thus she acquired the enmity of that bulwark of the Roman church, Bishop Gardiner, who was to wield such a dread power in the six years of blood and terror of the reign of Queen Mary. Personally, aside from his religion, Katherine had a dislike for him, and was unable to conceal her feeling. His close, subtle nature, so opposite to her free, open frankness and innocence, raised her antagonism by mere contact. History has revealed the fierce, cruel, vindictive character of Gardiner, and his nature

so full of malice and revenge that the feeble multitude cowered in fear before him. He is the voice ever at the side of Mary urging her to bloody deeds, and his is the wicked hand swift for execution, that made her reign a terror. None would easily tempt his malice or rouse his deep resentment. One incident kindled this anger against Katherine, and to a certain degree was the secret source of her subsequent trials.

It happened that at a dinner party given by the Duke, it was announced that each lady should take the one she loved best to dinner. The duchess chose Gardiner, laughingly saying that, as she loved her husband best, and dared not go with him, she would take the one she loved least. This Gardiner never forgot, and fully exacted the penalty. Later, another slight added to his resentment and to the purpose and measure of revenge cherished in his heart. It was yet the day of Protestant favor in England, and Gardiner was confined in the Tower. The duchess passed by the tower, and was saluted by him from his chamber window. Katherine looked up, and as she bowed, remarked that it was merry with the lambs now that the wolf was shut up. The wolf was not caged forever, and the imprisonment and taunts were not forgotten.

The Duke of Suffolk died in a perilous time, when all was change, and no peace was enduring, and no

home was protected. Katherine was soon to feel that the world is not kind to a woman who must meet it face to face. The duchess was suspected of holding Reformed sentiments—for court religion was fickle—and vain attempts were made to extract the truth from her friend, Anne Askew. A decree was issued against retaining any New Testament, or any books of Tyndale, Wickliffe, or Coverdale. Katherine Willoughby came under this decree, and would have suffered, but the friendship of Katherine Parr protected her in this.

In the short reign of Edward VI., when Protestant favor smiled, Katherine was active in measures to aid the establishment of the Reformation. From her activity and enthusiasm in this brief time, when she dared work freely as her heart dictated, we may conjecture what a strong friend and helper she would have been had not persecution robbed her of the privilege and driven her into exile. In those six months of the young prince she lent her aid in measures to abolish holy-days, remove images and marks of idolatry, reform the clergy, provide the churches with the English Bible, and stir up the Bishops to teach the Scriptures. All this work won a warm and eager enthusiasm, and the hope which was now kindled in so many loyal hearts rose high in her soul. Latimer at this time preached for the king in the palace, and the court chapel could not contain the

crowds which filled the place where the true Word was preached and taught. The duchess was his friend, and in her palace the same voice, afterward hushed in flames, told the truth to eager souls.

Again the court life changed. The few days of young Edward had passed, and as Roman Catholic Mary took the throne, the old bitter party came into favor, smarting under the disgraces heaped on the mother church and the exposure of her pretences, and longing for revenge upon the heretics. The wolf is loose among the lambs, and destruction is certain to many. It is the day of the stake, the flame, the rack, in "merrie England," where the good old Saxon blood, under Spanish influence, descends to bitter persecution. The Roman church was re-established. Royal ordinances forbade the Reformed worship.

Katherine Willoughby had the heroism to be consistent, and held to the convictions of her heart. Gardiner, close to the queen, would scarcely forget his ancient grudge, and his hatred would now find a way for expression. Her husband, Richard Bertie, whom she had lately married, was first made to suffer through fine and imprisonment, and it was evident that Gardiner but awaited an opportunity to bring suffering to the duchess.

Flight seemed the only possible way to escape his cruelty, and Katherine, with her young babe, fled by

night, leaving England for the Netherlands. The same day of her flight her house was searched, and measures taken to apprehend her. Her escape had not been a moment too soon. She and her husband concluded to settle in Wesel, a town in which there were several Protestants whom the duchess had helped in England when in similar distress. Stopping in a village for a short period to rest, they were suspected, and again made secret preparations to continue their journey. Afraid to leave openly, they started out one afternoon, with one servant, as though for a short ramble, and journeyed onward to Wesel. The walking was good, as the ground was hard, and the air keen and bracing. As night came on, the rain began. They arrived in Wesel, but it was a piteous group—the child crying with cold and hunger, the mother, wet, half-frozen, bedraggled with mud, weeping bitterly. They wandered about in search of food and lodging. By chance, they knocked at the door of the home of the preacher whom they had helped, for whom they were searching, and as he beheld them in their misery, he, too, wept with them. What an exchange from the luxury and pleasure of the court! Faith maintained through such adversity, must, indeed, be deep in the soul and precious to the heart. Thus doth conscience make heroes of the true in spirit.

Peace did not yet greet them, for persecution fol-

lowed them many years, even into a foreign country. Even the death of Gardiner did not remove the relentless fury of the pursuers, and they were obliged to move from place to place, everywhere receiving help from those whom they had helped, everywhere finding again the bread cast upon the waters. After the death of Mary, when the gracious hand of Elizabeth again restored the Bible, and her voice called all the wanderers home from perils and suffering to peace and comfort, Katherine Willoughby was among the grateful exiles who rejoiced in the glad tidings. In England again she found a home of happiness where her soul could delight itself in the worship as taught by the Scriptures. There must have been an added joy in this final peace for the voluntary sacrifice which had been given, and that truth for which she had suffered must have had a sweeter and more precious secret for her soul.

The English maiden had received the truth in gladness in a happy home; the English matron had maintained it through sorrow and grief. The truth had found her faithful, and to him that overcometh crowns are given. In some form we must all battle for truth—for the truth that comes to us through divine power—and to hold to that truth amidst all the errors of formalism and false doctrine demands a heroism of soul in each one of us to-day.

XXVIII.

THE MODERN REFORMATION.

THE Nineteenth Century has not been—nor is it likely to be—startled by the terror of the voice crying in the wilderness, nor has it been awakened from its sleep of indifference by the stirring words of a Luther. This is not because the millennium has come, or that the religious world is in a perfection of vigorous life and growth. On the contrary, well might it be if such a voice could now be heard, calling from highways and hedges, and dreary deserts and waste places as that of the stern man of the desert, or as the mighty voice of Luther resounding through cottage and palace, and home and court, and even into the very gates of Zion. Is there not now need of a modern reformation—of a new life in the church—of an awakening from dead forms and dogmas to the simple true life of a Christian as revealed in the basis of Christian life—in the Word of God?

In the days of the Baptist, the church of the true religion, as handed down from generation to generation, through the chosen people had sunk from its true, real life into a mere formalism—an observance of rites and ceremonials. It was a grand old religion, held

together by its inherent divine truth, and the power of Jehovah through hundreds of centuries; but the same holy fire and zeal that glowed in the heart of the prophet and patriarch and the priest as he performed his sacred vows had died, away, and the breast of the Pharisee knew naught of its high holiness—nothing but a self-exaltation and pride as he stood at the consecrated altar. The letter of the law had killed its spirit, and it was even as sadly pronounced "a whited sepulchre full of dead men's bones." The real religion, the deep fervency and love, the humiliation and abasement, the reverence and adoration, the repentance and sorrow, the trust and faith—all these, so deep in soul of the old Jewish worshiper—of Isaiah, Moses, David—were buried beneath the pretence of outward observance. The same forms of worship existed—but they, alas, were only forms, and their deep significance had departed. It needed the voice in the wilderness, the warning, unfaltering, stern, terrifying voice of the man of the desert, calling to repentance, warning to flee from the terrible wrath to come, the judgment of the Lord Jehovah—it needed this mighty voice to stir the conscience so deep in slumber. The conscience, again roused to the power of sin, the depravity and deceitfulness of the human heart, shook off the old bonds, eagerly sought the way of truth, and in seeking, found Christ. The way was prepared for the Redeemer, and Christ in the

heart made a new creature. Then the true religious life again breathed among men. Then, too, not alone to the Jew, to the select, to a chosen few, but the Gospel was preached to *every* creature, and it was freely given to all—it was "whosoever will, may come." The old formalism of the Church was overthrown; a new dispensation brought a new religious life, a life not of form but of a renewal of the heart and spirit—an individual responsibility to God. This religion spread and established itself—yet only through sacrifice. Then came the days of Nero and Antoninus—days of terror to the Christians. The amphitheaters witnessed savage scenes, and the cries of mangled Christians mingled with the yells of wild beasts. History forever holds the memory of that dreadful age, and forever tells the truth that the change, the resurrection from dead forms to living truth, has its heroes and martyrs.

We see the parallelism in the days of Luther. Fifteen centuries had witnessed the growth of that same religion which had been purchased by such a price, and again the outer ceremonial had buried the true faith—again the deeds of the law justified man, and the faith in the unseen had grown dim. Then the heroic soul of Luther declared against Babylon and its abominations, and the stern words of rebuke, alternating with the bitter scorn of sarcasm and righteous indignation as he laid bare the hypocrisy and

usurpation of the Roman Catholic church, caused it to totter and fall. The true faith in Christ was brought from the hidden truth, and the real religion so long buried under the forms of the Church again breathed its new life into every creature. Luther, like John the Baptist, was the forerunner revealing the deceitfulness of sin, making the crooked straight, and pointing to the One that taketh away the sins of the world. Christ again redeems his people, again brings them from the shadow to reality; again there is *individual responsibility*, and outer things are seen as *externals*, and the true life is known as the life of the soul. When Christ comes then comes the kingdom to the soul, and eternal life already begins its growth. He that believeth *hath* everlasting life. In this second Reformation, the time of Luther, again the poor, every needy creature, may be as kings and priests unto God. The truth is again given to the masses, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them as in the early days of the disciples and apostles. As the Christian Church arises, new born from this great Reformation, there is the same parallel in its history; days of persecution follow—there is a heavy cross taken up in the name of Christ ever—and we read of the stake, fire and water, the inquisition—martyrdom. History again records its heroic and noble sufferers for truth's sake.

In the Nineteenth Century we do not meet the

ritualism of the Hebrew synagogue and the vain hypocrisy of the Pharisee in repeated ceremony; neither do we find the all-prevailing power of the Roman Catholic church with its corruption, nor the arrogant ignorance of the Papist—religion is not now buried under symbolical forms as among the Jews, nor obscured by the works of the hands as with the Romanist; but another evil threatens true religion in this century, needing as of old the awakening voice of John and the revelation of Luther, as he points to the Word and recalls us to its divine teaching. As in the time of John and the age of Luther, so now the truth is preached to a limited class, and the great multitudes are untouched. Christ preached to the poor, and Luther's spirit found its way to the very humblest. It is a great question in this day, "how can we reach the masses?" It is this situation which has brought forth the many evangelists who aim to touch the needs of the multitude. It is evident that the churches fail in this great power in Christ's religion. The secret of the failure is in the Church, and until the spirit of the Reformation has entered there will be found no remedy. While there still exists spiritual life, we must acknowledge that much of the living truth of the Scriptures is buried under the theology and institutions of the Church—its doctrines, dogmas, decrees, and systems of work. The Scriptures as interpreted by man has the supremacy

over the Word itself, and the carrying out of a system of Christian effort is more valuable than the true spirit of the worker. We take up truth as it is handed down to us, and we engage in the labor that is pointed out to us, and so the Christian life is dictated, and those take it up who have been so trained and live it according to their own peculiar teaching. The Reformation of the Nineteenth Century calls for no great leaders, but it makes a demand upon the individual heart. It asks that each seeker after truth look not at the learning of the fathers nor the practices of ancestors, but to look *within*—to search the truth in his own soul, and to live as the inner convictions bid him. The Reformation of the Nineteenth Century will chronicle no bloodshed, no martyrdom, but there will be that struggle of the soul, silent and unrecorded, by which the individual shakes off the tyranny of custom and form and grasps the truth as the voice of God speaks to him, and as he lives free of all pretense—wholly in the truth which is ever revealed to the soul that will but pause to receive it. This is not the day of faggot and sword, but the weapons of warfare are severe—intellectual weapons, scorn, sarcasm, contempt, reproof. Many have turned aside from the Church, and have fallen into the flood of infidelity; many still remain, but are as the Pharisees upholding the doctrines and teachings of theology, still crying, "We have Abraham as our

father;" some remain, but as the Papist, glorifying the deeds of his hands, and calling upon them to bear witness to his piety. The man or woman who looks into the Word—looks prayerfully and under the Spirit's guidance—and there finds Christ speaking to the soul, and thus listening to his voice enters the kingdom, is a subject in the great Republic of God, loyal and true—these are they who bring the new Reformation. Such a spirit in the Church would drive out error, and bring in that living impulse from Christ that would reach out to all seeking, destitute souls.

Wherever a human soul receives the *truth*, and dares stand up for it as revealed to him, through the Spirit, apart from all dogma or teaching, there is a true Reformation hero—a soul that is known of Him. The truth comes to all, and to each it is given to stand erect in the truth. In this day of trial, we too may reveal the same strength and beauty of soul which we love in these brave hearts of the Reformation.

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